

1790
Frobishers

NEW SELECT

COLLECTION

of

EPITAPHS;

Humorous.

Moral, &

Whimsical.

Satyrical.

"The House Appointed for all living." *Job.*



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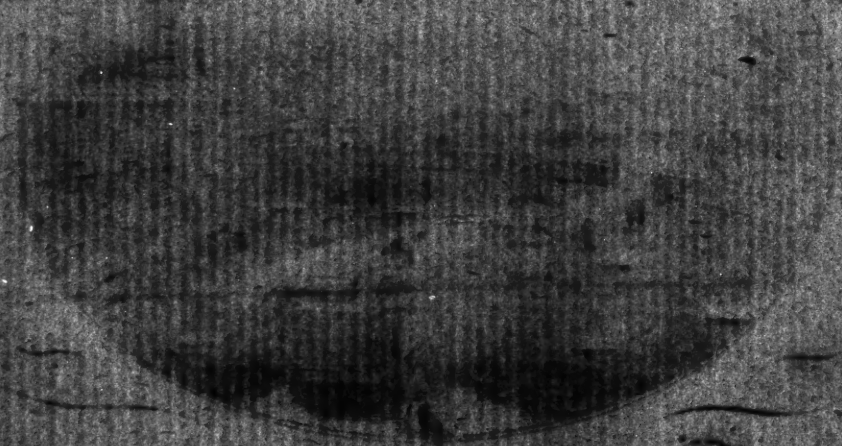
YORK.

THE NEW
COLLEGE



ESTABLISHED
1827
By the
Act of the
General Assembly
of the State of New York

The Board of Trustees
of the New College



FOUNDED
1827
By the
Act of the
General Assembly
of the State of New York

2 H 4 A T 1 4 2

A NEW
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
E P I T A P H S.

On ANDREW MARVELL, Esq.

Near this Place
Lyeeth the Body of ANDREW MARVELL, Esq.
A Man so endowed by Nature,
So improved by Education, Study, and Travel,
So confirmed by Experience,
That, joining the most peculiar Graces of Wit
And Learning,
With a singular Penetration and Strength of Judgement,
And exercising all these
In the whole Course of his Life,
With unalterable Steadiness to the Ways of Virtue;
He became the Ornament
And Example of the Age.
Belov'd by good Men, fear'd by bad,

A

Ad. Fred

E P I T A P H S.

Admired by all:
Tho' imitated, alas!
By few;
And scarce parallel'd by any.
But a Tomb-stone can neither contain his Character,
Nor is Marble necessary to transmit it to Posterity:
It is engraved on the Minds of this Generation,
And will be always legible in his inimitable
Writings.
Nevertheless,
He having served near Twenty Years
Successively in Parliament,
And that with such
Wisdom, Integrity, Dexterity, and Courage,
As became a true Patriot;
The Town of *Kingston upon Hull*,
From whence he was constantly deputed to that Assembly,
Lamenting in his Death the public Loss,
Have erected
This Monument of Grief and Gratitude, 1688.
He dyed in the 58th Year of his Age,
On the 16th Day of August, 1678.
[*Kingston upon Hull.*]

On SIR ISAAC NEWTON, Knt.

Here is deposited
SIR ISAAC NEWTON, Knight;
Who, by the Light of Mathematical Learning, and
A Force of Mind almost Divine,
First explained The



The Motions and Figures of the Planets
 And Planetary Orbits;
 Paths of the Comets, and Tides of the Ocean;
 Discover'd, what no one before ever suspected,
 The Difference of the Rays of Light;
 And the Distinction of Colours thence arising.
 He was a diligent, penetrating, faithful Interpreter
 Of Nature, of Antiquity, and the Holy Scripture.
 By his Philosophy, he asserted the Majesty of God,
 The greatest and most glorious of all Beings;
 And by his Morals expressed the Simplicity of the Gospel.
 Let Mortals congratulate themselves
 That there has been so Great, so Good a Man;
 The Glory of the Human Race.
 Born Dec. 25, 1642, and died in March, 1726.
 [Westminster-Abbey.]

On CHARLES, Earl of CARLISLE.

Near this Place lies interred,
 CHARLES HOWARD, Earl of Carlisle,
 Viscount Morpeth, Baron Dacres of Gillingham,
 Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland and Westmoreland,
 Vice-Admiral of the Coasts of Northumberland,
 Cumberland, Bishopric of Durham,
 Town and County of Newcastle,
 And Maritime Ports adjacent:
 Governor of Jamaica,
 Privy-Counsellor to King CHARLES the Second,
 And his Ambassador Extraordinary to the Czar of
 Muscovy,

E P I T A P H S.

And the Kings of *Sweden* and *Denmark*,
 In the Years 1663; and 1664:
 Whose Effigy is placed at the Top of this Monument.
 He was not more distinguished
 By the Nobility and Antiquity of his Family,
 Than he was by the Sweetness and Affability
 Of a natural charming Temper;
 Which being improved
 By the peculiar Ornaments of solid Greatness,
 Courage, Justice, Generosity,
 And a public Spirit,
 Made him a great Blessing to the Age
 And Nation wherein he lived.
 In Business he was sagacious and diligent;
 In War, circumspect, steady, and intrepid;
 In Council wise and penetrating;
 And tho' this may secure him a Place in the
 Annals of Fame.

Yet the filial Piety of a Daughter may be allow'd
 To dedicate this Monumental Pillar to his Memory.

Obiit. 24 Feb. 1682. *Ætatis* 36.

[*York Cathedral.*]

On JOHN PRATT, Esq.

SACRED

To the Memory of JOHN PRATT, Esq;
 Of ASKRIGG in WINDSLEYDALE,
 Who died at *Newmarket*,
 May the 2th, 1785.

E P I T A F I U M S.

A character so eccentric—so variable—so valuable,
 Astonish'd the age he liv'd in.
 Tho' small his patrimony,
 Yet assist'd by that, and his own genius,
 He for upwards of thirty years
 Supported all the hospitality
 Of an ancient BARON.

The excellent qualities of his heart
 Were eminently evinc'd
 By his bounty to the poor,
 His sympathetic feelings for distress,
 And his charity for all mankind!
 Various and wonderful were the means
 Which enabled him, with unsullied reputation,
 To support his course of life;
 In which he saw and experienced
 Many TRIALS, and many vicissitudes
 Of Fortune;
 And tho' often hard press'd, whipt and spur'd
 By that jockey NECESSITY,
 He never swerv'd out of the course
 Of Honour.

Once when his finances were impair'd,
 He receiv'd a seasonable supply
 By the performance of a *Miracle*
 At different periods he exhibited
 (Which were just emblems of his own life)
 A *Conundrum*, an *Enigma* and a *Riddle*;
 And strange to tell! even these
 Enrich'd his pocket.

A 3

Without

Without incurring censure
 He train'd up an *Infidel*,
 Which turn'd out to his advantage.
 He had no singular partiality
 For flowers, shrubs, fruit, or birds,
 Yet for several years he maintain'd a *Florist*;
 And his *Red-Rose* more than once
 Obtain'd the premium.
 He had a *Honeyfuckle* and a *Pumpkin*
 Which brought hundreds into his purse;
 And a *Pheasant*, a *Nightingale*, a *Goldfinch*, and a *Chaffinch*,
 Which produc'd him thousands.
 In the last war
 He was owner of a *Privateer*
 Which brought him in several valuable prizes.
 Though never fam'd for gallantry
 Yet he had in keeping, at different periods,
 A *Virgin*, a *Maiden*, an *Orange Girl*, and a *Ballad-singer*,
 Besides several *Misses*,
 To all of whom his attachment was notorious,
 And (what is still more a paradox)
 Tho' he had no issue by his lawful Wife,
 Yet the numerous progeny and quick abilities
 Of these very females
 Prov'd to him a source of supply.
 With all his seeming peculiarities and foibles,
 He retain'd his *Purity*.

TII

* *Miss Tims, Miss Lightfoot, &c.*

E P I T A P H 3.

7

Till a few days before his death;
 When the great *Camden*
 Spread the fame thereof so extensively,
 As to attract even the notice of his Prince,
 Who thought it no diminution of Royalty
 To obtain so valuable an acquisition
 By purchase.
 And though he parted with his *Purity*
 At a great price,
 Yet his honour and good name
 Remain'd untarnish'd
 To the end of his life.
 At his death, indeed, *SLANDER*,
 (In the semblance of *PITY*)
 Talk'd much of his insolvency,
 And much of the ruin of individuals;
 But the proof of his substance,
 And of a surplus not much inferior
 To his original patrimony,
 Soon answer'd—refuted—and wip'd away
 The Calumny.

To sum up the abstract of his character,
 It may truly be said of him,
 That his frailties were few;
 His virtues many;
 That he liv'd,
 Almost universally belov'd;
 That he died,
 Almost universally lamented.

FRANCIS

E P I T A P H S.

FRANCIS CHARTRES, a Man infamous for all Manner of Vices. When he was an Ensign in the Army, he was drummed out of the Regiment for a Cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same Account. After a hundred Tricks at the Gaming Tables, he took to lending of Money at exorbitant Interest, and on great Penalties, accumulating Premium, Interest, and Capital into a new Capital, and seizing to a Minute when the Payment became due; in a Word, by a constant Attention to the Vices, Wants, and Follies of Mankind, he acquired an immense Fortune. His House was a perpetual Bawdy House. He was twice condemned for Rapes, and pardoned; but the last Time not without Imprisonment in Newgate, and large Confiscations. He died in Scotland, in 1731, aged 62. The Populace at his Funeral raised a great Riot, almost tore the Body out of the Coffin, and cast dead Dogs, &c. into the Grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his Character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.

Here continues to rot

The Body of *Francis Chartres,*

Who, with *Inflexible Constancy,*

And inimitable Uniformity of Life,

Perfild,

In spite of Age and Infirmities,

In the Practice of every human Vice;

Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy:

His insatiable Avarice exempted him from the first,

His matchless Impudence from the second.

Nor was he more singular

No

E P I T A P H S.

9

In the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than successful

In *accumulating* Wealth;

For, without Trade or Profession,

Without Trust of Public Money,

And without Bribeworthy Service,

He acquired, or more properly created,

A Ministerial Estate.

He was the only Person of his Time,

Who could cheat without the Mask of Honesty.

He retain'd his primeval Meanness

When possessed of Ten Thousand a Year;

And having daily deserved the Gibbet for what he *did*,

Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not do.

Oh, Indignant Reader!

Think not his Life useless to Mankind!

PROVIDENCE permitted his execrable Designs,

To give to after Ages

A conspicuous Proof and Example,

Of how small Estimation is exorbitant Wealth

In the Sight of God,

By his bestowing it on the most Unworthy of all Mortals.

On JOHN DEALTRY, M. D.

To the Memory of JOHN DEALTRY, M. D.

Whose skill in his Profession was only equalled

By the Humanity of his Practice;

Elizabeth his afflicted Widow dedicates this Monument.

He

He died March the 25th, 1773,
Aged 65.

Here o'er the Tomb were Deatry's Ashes sleep,
See Health in emblematick Anguish weep;
She drops her faded Wreath, no more, she Cries,
Let languid Mortals with beseeching Eyes
Implore my feeble Aid, it failed to save
My own and Nature's Guardian from the Grave.

On CATHERINE KENWORTHY.

Sacred to the Memory of
CATHERINE, the only Child of
CORNELIUS and DOROTHY KENWORTHY,
Who died at the Age of Eighteen,
February 23d, 1776.

Blessed by Nature with that Soundness of Intellect,
Which is enjoyed by few,
And scarce ever by the Young;
She derived from it and from Education
An unconscious Winningness of Manner,
That set off the Lustre of the Understanding
By shading it,
At this early Period of Life.

Tho' adorn'd with uncommon Charms of Person,
She had learn'd to be superior to the Sense of Beauty,
And to claim no Pre-eminence from it.
With a just Right to every Preference,
She challeng'd none:—

Amid

E P I T A P H S. 13

Amid the general Praises of her Friends

She was never elated:—

Amid the united Applause of all around her

She was ever humble:—

Diverting Attention from her own Merits,

And giving that Applause to others which she herself deserv'd;

And to the Close of her short Life

Had an Eye to discern, a Tongue to command,

And a Heart to love every Merit but her own.

Believe not this the Language of Flattery,

'Tis but a Tribute due at once

To the Merits of the Daughter,

And the Sorrows of the Parents,

Who seek a mournful Relief,

By dwelling on the Greatness of their Loss.

The following EPITAPH was found in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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Ans. HE. I.

N. H.

Erf. Hopma

T. B.

E. A. GA. . . . IN

Here

Here lieth old Beck, who sold Fruit at the Cross,
 And now she's departed, we shall have a Loss;
 She was a good Wife, and a kind loving Mother,
 And all Things consider'd, we're scarce such another.

Here snug in Grave my Wife doth lie,
 Now she's at Rest, and so am I.

Intended by Mr. PRIOR for his own Monument.

As Doctors give Physic by way of Prevention,
 Must alive and in Health of his Tomb-stone took care;
 For Delays are unsafe, and his pious Intention
 May haply be never fulfill'd by his Heir.
 Then take *Moss's* Word for it, the Sculptor is paid;
 That the Figure is fine, pray believe your own Eye;
 Yet credit but lightly what more may be said;
 For we flatter ourselves and teach Marble to lye.
 Yet counting so far as to Fifty his years,
 His Virtues and Vices were as other Men's are;
 High Hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great Fears;
 In a Life party-colour'd, half Pleasure, half Care.
 Nor to Business a Dudge, nor to Faction a Slave,
 He strove to make Int'rest and Freedom agree;
 In public Employments industrious and grave;
 But alone with his Friends, Lord! how merry was he!
 Now in Equipage stately, now humbly on Foot,
 Both Fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust,

B

And

And whirl'd in the Round as the Wheel turn'd about,
He found Riches had Wings, and he knew Man was
but Dust.

This Verse, little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere,
Sets neither his Titles nor Merits to View:
It says, that his Relics collected lie here,
And no Mortal yet knows too if this may be true.
Fierce Robbers there are that infest the Highway;
So *Matt* may be kill'd, and his Bones never found;
False Witnesses at Court, and fierce Tempests at Sea,
So *Matt* may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd.
If his Bones lie in Earth, roll in Sea, fly in Air,
To fate we must yield, and the Thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a Smile or a Tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his Fame.

*On the Cambridge Carrier, who sickened in the Time
of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by
reason of the Plague.*

Here lies old *Hobson*, Death has broke his Girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the Durt:
Or else, the Ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a Slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a Shifter, that if Truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any Time this ten Years full,
Dodg'd with him betwixt *Cambridge* and the *Bull*.
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly Course of Carriage fail'd:

But

But lately finding him so long at Home,
 And thinking now his Journey's End was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest Inn,
 In the kind Office of a Chamberlain,
 Shew'd him his Room where he must lodge that Night,
 Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the Light;
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed.

JOHN MILTON.

On the same.

Here lieth one who did most truly prove,
 That he could never die while he could move.
 So hung his Destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his Trot;
 Made of Sphere Metal, never to decay
 Until his Revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers Motion yet (without a Crime
 'Gainst old Truth) Motion number'd out his Time;
 And like an Engine mov'd with Wheel and Weight,
 His Principles being ceas'd, he ended strait.
 Rest, that gives all Men Life, gave him his Death,
 And too much breathing put him out of Breath;
 Nor were it Contradiction to affirm,
 Too long Vacation hasten'd on his Term.
 Merely to drive the Time away he sicken'd,
 Fainted and died nor would with Ale be quicken'd.
 Nay, quoth he, on his Swooning-Bed outstretch'd,
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd;

B₂

But

But vow, though the cross Doctors all stood Hearers,
 For one Carrier put down to make six Bearers.
 Ease was his chief Disease, and to judge right,
 He dy'd for Heaviness that his Cart went light.
 His Leisure told him that his Time was come,
 And lack of Load made his Life burthensome,
 That e'en to his last Breath, (there be that say't)
 As he were press'd to Death, he cry'd more Weights;
 But had his Doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an Immortal Carrier.
 Obedient to the Moon he spent his Date
 In Course reciprocal, and had his Fate
 Link'd to the mutual Flowing of the Seas;
 Yet (strange to think) his Wain was his Increase;
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this Supercription.

JOHN MILTON.

Here lies the Body of *Daniel Sauls*
Spittlefields Weaver, and that's all.
 [St. Dunstan's Steeples.]

Written by Mr. GAY for his own Monument.

Life is a Jest, and all Things show it;
 I thought so once, but now I know it.

On Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, the Architect.

Lie light upon him; *Enrich* tho' he
 Laid many a heavy Load on thee.

On

On FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Beneath the Droppings of this Spout*,
There lies the Body, once so stout,
Of Francis Thompson.

A Soul this Carcase long possess'd,
Which for its Virtue was carels'd,
By all who knew the Owner best.
The *Rufford*† Records can declare
His Actions, who for Seventy Year
Both drew and drank his potent Beer.
Fame mentions not, in all that Time,
In this great Butler the least Crime,
To stain his Reputation.
To Envy's self we now appeal,
If aught of Fault she can reveal,
To make her Declaration.

[*Allerton, Nottinghamshire.*]

For one who would not be buried in Westminster-
Abbey.

Heroes and Kings! your Distance keep;
In Peace let one poor Poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you;
Let *Horace* blush, and *Virgil* too.

A. POPE.

* The Stone joins to the South Wall of the Church under one of the Spouts.

† *Rufford* Abbey, the Seat of the late Sir *George Savile*, Baronet, in whose Family this Person had lived as Butler.

18 E P I T A P H S

*On the Countess Dowager of PEMBROKE, Sister
to Sir Philip Sydney.*

Underneath this sable Hearse,
Lies the Subject of all Verse;
Sydney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother;
Death ere thou hast kill'd another,
Wife, and Virtuous, Good, as She,
Time will throw its Dart on thee.

BEN. JOHNSON.

Under this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his Stead,
Or any good Creature shall lay o'er my Head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a Pin,
What they said, or may say, of the Mortal within:
But, who living and dying, serene, still, and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was he shall be.

A. POPE.

Reader, stay;
And if I had no more to say
But here doth lie till the last Day
All that is left of *Philip Gray*,
It might your Patience richly pay:
For if such Men as he could die,
What Surety of Life have you and I?

BEN. JOHNSON.

Here,

EPIGRAMS

19

Here,

In a Tempest of Fatigue, Anxiety, and Imprecation,
Self-raised and prolong'd thro' half an Age,
Founder'd at length,

H. L.

Who

Without Strength of Head, Suavity of Tongue,
Or Readiness of Hand,
Natural or acquired,

Without private Patrimony, or public Esteem,
Accumulated

During Ten Years Collection, of the Crown Revenue
At Bardadoes,

Ten Times Ten Thousand Pounds.

Studious that his Labours should not be confined
In that narrow Spot,

Wearied the succeeding Twenty Years

In amassing from the Orphan, the Mariner, the Planter,
And the Public,

Through various Provinces of the British Empire,
Thrice that enormous Sum.

Divine Vengeance,

Having wrought its Purposes on a dissolute Generation
By his Agency,

Deprived him of Sight:

But

Impatient of looking only within

(Where none could look more hopeless of Comfort or
Entertainment)

He rashly incurred, for once, the Charge of Inconsistency,

And

And by miserable Suicide, October 6th, 1753,
 Did Justice to Himself, to his Country,
 And to Mankind.

Reader,

When the Lust of Riches
 Shall hereafter prompt thee to wish their illicit Attainment,
 Remember

This Record of Providence,
 And suffer not H. L.

To have lived unbeloved, died unlamented,
 And perished irretrievably
 In vain.

On JOHN SPRONG.

Fell'd by Death's sure Hatchet, here lies Sprong,
 Who many a sturdy Oak has laid along;
 Posts oft he made, yet near a Place could get;
 And liv'd by railing tho' he was no Wit:
 Old Saws he had altho' no Antiquarian;
 Stiles he corrected, yet was no Grammarian.
 Long liv'd he Ockham's premier Architect;
 And lasting as his Fame a Tomb erect,
 In vain we seek an Artift such as He,
 Whose Pales and Gates were for Eternity.
 Here doth he rest from all Life's Cares and Follies;
 O spare, kind Heav'n! his Fellow-Lab'rer Hollies.

[Ockham in Surrey.]

On

On WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

Great HOMER's Birth seven rival Cities claim,
 Too mighty such Monopoly of Fame!
 Yet not to Birth alone did HOMER owe
 His wond'rous Worth: What *Egypt* could bestow,
 With all the Schools of *Greece* and *Asia* join'd,
 Enlarg'd the immense Expansion of his Mind;
 Nor yet unrival'd the *Mæonian* Strain,
 The *British* Eagle and the *Mantuan* Swain
 Tower equal Heights; but happier *Stratford*, thou:
 With uncontested Laurels decks thy Brow;
 Thy Bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee brought
 More than all *Egypt*, *Greece*, or *Asia* taught!
 Not HOMER's self such matchless Honours won,
 The *Greek* has Rivals, but thy SHAKESPEAR none.

*On Master HOWARD, Son to Lord Viscount
Andover.*

Great Soul! for whom Death will no longer Ray,
 But sends in haste to snatch our Bliss away,
 O cruel Death! to those you take more kind,
 Than to the wretched Mortals left behind!
 Here, Beauty, Youth, and noble Virtue, shin'd,
 Free from the Clouds of Pride that shade the Mind;
 Inspired Verse may on this Marble live,
 But can no Honor to thy Ashes give.

EDM. WALLER.

On

On Master ROGERS of Gloucestershire.

Of gentle Blood, his Parents' only Treasure,
 Their lasting Sorrow, and their vanquish'd Pleasure;
 Adorn'd with Features, Virtues, Wit, and Grace;
 A large Provision for so short a Race.
 More mod'rate Gifts might have prolong'd his Date,
 Too early fitted for a better State;
 But Knowing Heav'n his Home, to shun Delay,
 He leap'd o'er Age, and took the shortest Way.

J. DRYDEN.

*On Mrs. MARGARET PASTON of Barningham,
Norfolk.*

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
 So ripe a Judgment, and so rare a Wit,
 Require at least an Age in one to meet!
 In her they met! but long they cou'd not stay,
 'Twas Gold too fine to mix without Allay;
 Heaven's Beauty was in her so well express'd,
 Her very Sight upbraided all the rest.
 'Too justly ravish'd from an Age like this,
 Now she is gone the World is of a Piece.

J. DRYDEN.

On MARY FRAMPTON.

Here lies the Body of
 MARY, third Daughter of RICHARD FRAMPTON,
 Of Moreton, in Dorsetshire, Esq.

And

E P I T A P H S.

23

And of JANE his Wife, sole Daughter of
Sir FRANCIS COTTINGTON, of *Fountbill*, in *Wilt.*,
Who was born Jan. 1st, 1676-7,

And died after Seven Weeks Sicknes, on the 6th of
7ber, 1698.

This Monument was erected by

CATHARINE FRAMPTON,

Her second Sister and Executrix,

In testimony of her Grief, Affection, and Gratitude,
Below this Marble Monument is laid -

All that Heav'n wants of this celestial Maid.

Preserve, O sacred Tomb! thy Trust confin'd,

The Mould was made on purpose for the Mind;

And she would lose, if, at the latter Day,

One Atom could be mix'd of other Clay.

Such were the Features of her Heav'nly Face,

Her Limbs were form'd with such harmonious Grace,

So faultless was the Frame, as if the Whole

Had been an Emanation of the Soul,

Which her own inward Symmetry reveal'd,

And like a Picture shone in Glass anneal'd;

Or like the Sun eclips'd with shaded Light,

Too piercing else to be sustain'd by Sight.

Each Thought was visible, that roll'd within,

As thro' a Chrystal Case the figur'd Hours are seen;

And Heav'n did this transparent Veil provide,

Because she had no guilty Thought to hide;

All white, a Virgin Saint, she sought the Skies,

For Marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dyes.

High

High tho' her Wit, yet humble was her Mind,
 As if she could not, or she would not find
 How much her Worth transcended all her kind.
 Yet had she learn'd so much of Heav'n below,
 That when arriv'd she scarce had more to know,
 But only to refresh the former Hint,
 And read her Maker in a fairer Print.
 So Pious, as she had no Time to spare
 For human Thoughts, but was confin'd to Pray'r.
 Yet, in such Charities she pass'd the Day,
 'Twas wond'rous how she found an Hour to pray!
 A Soul so calm, it knew not Ebbs or Flows,
 Which Passion cou'd but curl, not discompose;
 A Female Softness, with a manly Mind,
 A Daughter dutieous, and a Sister kind,
 In Sicknes patient, and in Death resign'd.

J. DRYDEN.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On JOHN MILTON.

Three Poets in three distant Ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
 The First in Loftiness of Thought surpass;
 The next in Majesty; in both the Last.
 The Force of Nature could no farther go;
 To make a Third, she join'd the former Two.

J. DRYDEN.

On

On WILLIAM WEST, Comedian, aged 32.

To me 'twas given to die; to thee 'tis giv'n
 To live! alas one Moment sets us even,
 Mark how impartial is the Will of Heav'n!

These Three Lines are by Mr. Prior.

[*St. Peter's, Norwich.*]

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,
 In Action faithful, and in Honour dear;
 Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End,
 Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend:
 Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.

A. POPE.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Mr. JOHN MILLS

Here lies *John Mills*, who over Hills
 Pursu'd the Hounds with Hollow;
 The Leap tho' high, from Earth to Skie,
 The Huntsman we must follow.

On Master JOHN GILL

Beneath this smooth Stone by the Bone of his Bone
 Sleeps Master *John Gill*;
 By *Lies* when alive this Attorney did thrive,
 And now that he's dead he *lies still*.

C

The

*The following Lines were intended for the Monument
of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.*

Approach, ye Wife of Soul, with Awe Divine!
'Tis *Newton's* Name that consecrates this Shrine:
That Sun of Knowledge, whose Meridian Ray
Kindled the Gloom of Nature into Day.
That Soul of Science, that unbounded Mind!
That Genius which exalted human Kind!
Confest Supreme of Men! his Country's Pride,
And half esteem'd an Angel—till he dy'd:
Who in the Eye of Heav'n, like *Enoch* stood,
And thro' the Paths of Knowledge walk'd with God:
Who made his Fame a Sea without a Shore,
And but forsook this World to know the Laws of more.

On Mr. G A Y.

Of Manners gentle, of Affection mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the Age:
Above Temptation in a low Estate;
And uncorrupted, e'en among the Great:
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
These are thy Honours! Not that here thy Bust
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Dust;
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive Bosoms—*Here lies Gay.*

A. POPE.

[*Westminster Abbey.*]

On

On EDMUND, Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Who died in the 19th Year of his Age, 1735.
 If modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
 And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
 Could save a Parent's justest Pride from Fate,
 Or add one Patriot to a sinking State:
 This weeping Marble had not ask'd thy Tear,
 Or sadly told, how many Hopes lie here!
 The living Virtue now had shone approv'd,
 The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
 Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame
 Attend the Shade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
 In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd, and Art,
 End in the milder Merit of the Heart;
 And, Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,
 Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

A. POPE.

[Westminster-Abbey.]

On an Undertaker.

Here lyeth Robin Masters.—Faith, 'twas hard,
 To take away our honest Robin's Breath;
 Yet surely Robin was full well prepar'd;
 Robin was always looking out for Death.

On a Miser.

Reader, beware immoderate Love of Self;
 Here lies the worst of Thieves—who robb'd himself.

B 2

Mr.

Mr. JOHN FLIN, a Painter, of Galway, in Ireland, though a Roman Catholic, wrote the following Epitaph for himself.

Here lies John Flin,
To Worms akin;
Eftfoons by vagrant Boys bely'd,
That while he liv'd, he often dy'd.
Saints oft he painted,
Himself not fainted;
Yet leaves perhaps a Fame as fair,
As many Souls of them that are.
He laugh'd at Fate;
Despis'd the Great;
Was happy in his fav'rite Dram;
And pity'd those who others damn.
Liv'd to the Age of Sixty-seven,
Spurn'd at this Earth, and flew to Heav'n.

*In Memory of DAVID FLETCHER, Smith
to this Church, who died February 14, 1744,
aged 48.*

My Sledge and Hammer lie reclin'd,
My Bellows too have lost their Wind;
My Fire's extinguish'd; Forge decay'd;
And in the Dust my Vice is laid;
My Coal is spent; my Iron gone;
The last Nail's driven—My Work is done.

Finis coronat Opus.

[Lincoln Church.]

E P I T A P H S. 49

On the Lord AUBREY BEAUCLERK

While Britain boasts her Empire o'er the Deep,
 This Marble shall compel the Brave to weep,
 As Men, as Britons, and as Soldiers, mourn
 O'er dauntless, loyal, virtuous *Beauclerk's* Urn.
 Sweet were his Manners, as his Soul was great;
 And ripe his Worth, tho' immature his Fate:
 Each tender Grace that Love and Joy inspires,
 Living, he mingled with his martial Fires;
 Dying he bade *Britannia's* Thunder roar,
 And *Spain* still felt him, when he breath'd no more.

Dr. YOUNG.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Mr. ROGER CRABB.

Tread gently, Reader, near the Dust
 Committed to this Tomb-stone's Trust;
 For while 'twas Flesh it held a Guest
 With universal Love possess;
 A Soul that stemm'd Opinion's Tide,
 Did, over Sects in Triumph ride,
 Yet separate from the giddy Crowd,
 And Paths Tradition had allow'd:
 Through good and ill Report he past,
 Oft censur'd, yet approv'd at last.
 Wouldst thou his Religion know?
 In brief 'twas this: To all to do
 Just as he would be done unto.

*On CHRISTOPHER SMITH, alias THUMB,
an industrious, not a free, Mason, died January
21st, 1742-3. Aged 66.*

Stretcht underneath this Stone is laid

Our Neighbour Goodman *Thumb*:

We trust, altho', full low his Head,

He'll rise i'th' World to come.

This humble Monument will shew

Where lies an honest Man:

Ye Kings, whose heads are laid as low,

Rise higher if you can.

[*Frome, Somersetshire.*]

On a Country Inn-Keeper.

Here! hark ye! old Friend! what wilt pass, then, without

Taking notice of *honest plump Jack*?

You see how 'tis with me, my Light is burnt out,

And they've laid me here flat on my Back.

That Light in my Nose, once so bright to behold,

That Light is extinguish'd at last;

And I'm now put to Bed in the dark and the cold,

With Wicker, and so forth made fast

But now wilt oblige me? Then call for a Quart

Of the *best* from the House o'er the Way;

Drink a Part on't thyself, on my Grave pour a Part,

And walk on.—Friend, I wish thee good Day.

WILLIAM

E P I T A P H S. 21

WILLIAM ROBINSON died May 11, 1726.

Aged 57.

Blest be his Rest, and sacred be his Urn!
To him we must, not him to us return.

On Mr. MADDUX, a Dancing-Master, and his
Wife.

They were lovely and pleasant in their Lives, and in their
Deaths they were not divided

Hail happy Pair! predestin'd long to prove
The chastest Raptures of connubial Love:

Who took no *Step* thro' Life's perplexed *Dance*,
But what would well your mutual Bliss advance;

Who *figur'd* not a Plan but what was meant,
Again to *join your Hands* with fresh Content.

Tho' cermonious—yet with Ease still fraught;
The very Image of the Art you taught!

Polite in all Life's mazy Measures try'd—

As the gay Partner to his destin'd Bride.

Twice Thirty Years in gentle Wedlock past,

The first was not so happy as the last!

Still each to each so complaisantly gay,

As raptur'd Lovers on their nuptial Day!

All wing'd with Down their Years advancing roll,

And still improve this Unison of Soul?

Unvarying—courtly to his latest Breath,

He gave his Spouse Precedence e'en in Death.

The truest Honours to each other given,

He just surviv'd, then led her up to Heaven.

On

E P I T A P H S.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON, at Easthamstead
in Berks, 1730.

* This modest Stone, which few vain Marblers can,
May truly say, *Here lies an honest Man.*
A Poet blest beyond the Poet's Fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great;
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate Feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

A. POPE.

— * *This plain Floor*
Believe me, Reader, can say more
Than many a braver Marble can,
Here lies a truly honest Man.

CRASHAW.

On a Letter-Founder at Oxford.

Under this Stone lies honest Syl,
Who dy'd—tho' fore against his Will;
Yet in his Fame he shall survive,
Learning shall keep his Name alive:
For he the Parent was of Letters,
He founded to confound his Betters.
But what those Letters should contain,
Did never once disturb his Brain.
Since, therefore, Reader, he is gone,
Pray let him not be trod upon.

Th

*The following was intended by Mr. Pope for the
Monument of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.*

Isaacus Newtonus :
Quem immortalem
Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum :
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.
Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night :
God said, *Let Newton be*, and all was Light.

On Mrs. ELIZABETH CORBET.

Here rests a Woman good without Pretence,
Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense !
No Conquests she, but o'er herself desir'd,
No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a Mind ;
So firm, yet soft ; so strong, yet so refined ;
Heav'n, as its purest Gold, by * Torments try'd ;
The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

A. POPE.

* She died of a Cancer in her Breast.

[*St. Margaret's, Westminster.*]

On the Parson of — Parish, in —.

Come, let us rejoyce, merry Boys, at his fall ;
For, egad, had he liv'd, he'd a-bury'd us all.

On

E P I T A P H S.

On EDWARD the Black Prince.

Here lieth the Noble Prince,
 Monsieur EDWARD,
 The eldest Son of the most Noble King
 EDWARD the Thirde,
 In former Time
 Prince of *Aquitaine*, and of *Wales*; Duke of *Cornwall*,
 And Earl of *Chester*.
 Who died on the Feast of *Trinitie*,
 Which was the 2th Daye of June,
 In the Year of Grace, 1376.
 To the Soule of whom God graunt Mercey, Amen.

Whosoe thou be that passeth bye,
 Where these Corpes interred lie,
 Understand what I shall saye,
 As at this Time speak I maye;
 Such as thou art sometyme was I,
 Such as I am, such shalt thou bee.

I little Thought on the Houre of Death,
 Soe long as I enjoyed Breath,
 Greate Riches here I did possesse,
 Whereof I made great Noblenesse;
 I had Gold Silver Wardrobe, and
 Greate Treasures, Horses, Houses, Lande,

But now a Caitiffe Poore am I,
 Deepe in the Ground lo here I lie!
 My Beantye great is all quite gone,
 My Flefhe is waisted to the Bone.

My House is narrow nowe and thronge,
 Nothinge but Truthe comes from my Tonge
 And if ye shoulde see mee this Daye,
 I do not thinke but ye wolde saye,
 That I had never bene a Man,
 So moche altered nowe I am!

For God's sake, praye to the Heavenly Kinge,
 That he my Soul to Heaven wolde bringe;
 All theye that Preye and make Accorde
 For mee, unto my God and Lorde,
 God place them in his Paradise,
 Wherein noe wretched Caitiffe lies.

[*Canterbury Cathedral.*]

*On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT, only Son of the
 Lord Chancellor Harcourt, 1720.*

To this sad Shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
 Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear;
 Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
 Or gave his Father Grief, but when he died.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
 If *Pope* must tell what *Harcourt* cannot speak.
 Oh! let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
 And with a Father's Sorrows mix his own.

A. POPE.

[*Stanton-Harcourt.*]

MARY

MARY SEXTON died August 25, 1717.
Aged 75.

You that pass by, and say of me,
Alas! her Life is done,
Be it well known unto you all,
My Life is now begun.
The Life I liv'd among you all,
Was Sorrow, Grief, and Pain;
But now I have a Life, indeed,
Of Pleasure, Joy, and Gain.

On CHARLES, Earl of DORSET.

Dorset, the Grace of Courts, the Muses' Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd.
The Scourge of Pride, tho' sanctified or great.
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State;
Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.
Blest Satyrift! who touch'd the Mean so true,
As show'd, Vice had his Hate and Pity too.
Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
Yet sacred keep his Friendships and his Ease.
Blest Peer! his great Forefather's ev'ry Grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other *Buckbursts*, other *Dorsets* shine,
And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line.

A. POPE.

[*Withyam, Suffex.*]

On

EPI T A P H S.

87

On WILLIAM the Third.

I.
Beneath these Horrors of a Tomb,
Greatness in humble Ruin lies;
(How Earth confines in narrow Room
What Heroes leave beneath the Skies?)

II.
Preserve, O venerable Pile!
Inviolatè, thy sacred Trust;
To thy cold Arms, the *British* Ile,
Weeping, commits her richest Dust.

III.
Ye gentlest Ministers of Fate!
Attend the Monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest Slumbers wait,
With silken Cords to bind his Eyes.

IV.
Rest his dear Sword beneath his Head;
Round him his faithful Arms shall stand;
Fix his bright Ensigns on his Bed,
The Guards and Honours of our Land.

V.
Ye Sister Arts of Paint and Verse,
Place *Albion* fainting by his Side!
Her Groans arising o'er the Hearse,
And *Belgia* sinking when he dy'd.

D

VL

High o'er the Grave *Religion* set
 In solemn Gold; pronounce the Ground
 Sacred, to bar unhallow'd Feet,
 And plant her Guardian Virtues round.

VII.

Fair *Liberty* in Sables dress'd,
 Write his lov'd Name upon his Urn,
 "William, the Scourge of Tyrants past,
 "And Awe of Princes yet unborn."

VIII.

Sweet Peace his sacred Reliques keep,
 With Olives blooming round her Head;
 And stretch her Wings across the Deep;
 To bless the Nations with the Shade.

IX.

Stand on the Pile, immortal Fame!
 Broad Stars adorn thy brightest Robe!
 Thy thousand Voices sound his Name,
 In Silver Accents, round the Globe,
 Flattery shall faint beneath the Sound,
 While hoary Truth inspires the Song;
 Envy grow pale and bite the Ground,
 And Malice gnaw her forked Tongue.

XI.

Night and the Grave, remove your Gloom,
 Darkness becomes the vulgar Dead;
 But Glory bids the Royal Tomb
 Disdain the Horrors of a Shade.

XII.

Glory with all her Lamps shall burn,
 And watch the Warrior's sleeping Glays;
 'Till the last Trumpet rouse his Urn
 To aid the Triumphs of the Day.

ISAAC WATTS.

ZADOCK SHERMENDINE, *obit* 24 July, 1729.

Ætatis 67.

For Feats in Flandria's Plains renown'd
 Here lies a British Blade;

Age gave at last the fatal Wound,
 Which Foes in vain essay'd,—

Yet boasts the Grave but just he dwells,
 While Friends his Name adore;

His Deeds shall consecrate his Clay,
 And what can *Mortals* more?

BICKINGHAM.

[*St. Bride's, London.*]

Here old *John Randal* lies, who telling of his Tale,
 Liv'd Threescore Years and Ten—such Virtue was in *Ale*;
Ale was his Meat, *Ale* was his Drink, *Ale* did his Heart
 revive;
 And if he could have drunk his *Ale*, he still had been
 alive.

D 2

On

On Queen ANNE, Wife of James II.

*Marche** with his Winde hath swuck a Cedar tall,
And weeping *April* mourns the Cedar's fall;
And *May* intends no Flowers her Month shall bring,
Since she must loose the Flower of all the Spring:
Thus *Marche**, Winde hath caused *April* Showers,
And set sad *May* must loose her Flower of Flowers!

* She died March 4, 1618.

For Mr. DRYDEN, occasioned by seeing his Bust in
Westminster Abbey, with nothing but his Name.

Reverend with Awe approach this sacred Bust,
Revere the Shrine, and hail the hallow'd Dust;
Ye Muses, all the sweets of Fancy bring,
The Summer's full-blown Pride, and Bloom of Spring;
Come crown'd with Garlands from your roseate Bowers,
And the sad Shrine perfume with choicest Flowers;
Or hear him, Fancy, from the dread Abode,
Glow in each Line, and thunder with the God.
Thy Name, O DRYDEN! by the Muse belov'd,
By all admir'd, by all Mankind approv'd;
Shall shoot and flourish in perpetual Day,
Till Time grows Old, and Memory waste away;
Though dumb the Bust, yet future Bards shall tell,
None ever soar'd so high, or more lamented fell.

On Captain JAMES CORNWALL.

To the Memory of
 Captain JAMES CORNWALL,
 Commander of his Majesty's Ship the *Marlborough*,
 Who was slain, in the Engagement with the
French and Spanish Fleets
off Toulon,

February 11, 1743-4.

This Monument was erected,

At the public Expence,

In Consequence of a Vote of the House of Commons,
 Who address'd his Majesty for that Purpose.

Tho' Britain's Genius hung her drooping Head,
 And mourn'd her ancient naval Glory fled;
 On that fam'd Day, when *France*, combin'd with *Spain*,
 Strove for the wide Dominion of the Main:

Yet, CORNWALL! all with gen'ral Voice agree,
 To pay the Tribute of Applause to thee.
 When his bold Chief, in thickest Fight engag'd,
 Unequal War with *Spain's* proud Leader wag'd;
 With Indignation mov'd, he timely came,
 To rescue from Reproach his Country's Name:
 Success too dearly did his Valour crown;
 He sav'd his Leader's Life, but lost his own.

These fun'ral Rites a grateful Nation pays,
 That latest Times may learn the Hero's Praise;
 And Chiefs, like him, shall unrepining lead,
 When SENATES thus reward the glorious Deed.

44 E P I T A P H S.

CHARLES TWISLETON RIDSDALE died:

Oct. 16, aged three Years and four Months.

An Infant's Fate may make a Parent sad;
An Infant's Fate should make a Parent glad;
Rapt out of Life ere Cares and Woes begin,
I knew no Sorrow, for I knew no Sin.
Death has no Sting for him who dies so young;
Reader! repent, since thou hast liv'd so long.

[Trinity-Church, Gbaffer.]

ELIZABETH NEEDHAM died August 22, 1739.

Aged 62.

I lodged have in many a Town,
And travell'd many a Year,
But Age and Death have brought me down
To my last Lodging here.

On Mr. P. E. C. K.

Here lies a Peck! which some men say
Was first of all a Peck of clay;
This, wrought with skill divine while fresh,
Became a curious Peck of flesh;
Through various forms its Maker ran,
Then adding breath, made Peck a man.
Full sixty years Peck felt life's bubbles,
'Till death reliev'd a Peck of troubles.
Then fell poor Peck, as all things must;
And here he lies—a Peck of dust.

On

E P I T A P H S. 43

ELIZABETH POINTER died March 19, 1740.

Aged 84.

The Year rolls round, and steals away

The Breath that soft it gave

What'er we do, what'er we be,

We're travelling to the Grave.

WILLIAM EAST died April 10, 1740. Aged 54

Man's Life! what is it? 'Tis a Flower,

Looks fresh, and dies within an Hour.

How frail is Man, how short his Breath!

In midst of Life, we are in Death:

Here is a Proof, here East doth lie;

May Grace prepare, and then we're fit to die!

Interr'd beneath this Marble Stone,

Lie saunt'ring John, and idle Joan.

While rolling Threescore Years and One,

Did round this Globe their Courses run;

If human Things went ill or well;

If changing Empires rose or fell;

The Morning past, the Evening came,

And found this Couple still the same.

They walk'd and eat; good Folks! what then?

Why then they walk'd and eat again:

They soundly slept the Night away;

They did just nothing all the Day;

And having bury'd Children four,

Would not take Pains to try for more.

No

Nor Sister either had, nor Brother;
 They seem'd just tally'd for each other.
 Their Morals and Oeconomy
 Most perfectly they made agree;
 Each Virtue kept its proper Bound,
 Nor trespass'd on the other's Ground:
 Nor Fame nor Censure they regarded;
 They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
 He car'd not what the Footmen did;
 Her Maids she neither prais'd nor chid:
 So ev'ry Servant took his Courte;
 And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
 Slothful Disorder fill'd his Stable,
 And stuttish Plenty deckt her Table.
 Their Beer was strong, their Wine was Port;
 Their Meal was large; their Grace was short.
 They gave the Poor the Remnant Meat,
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.
 They paid the Church and Parish Rate;
 And took, but read not the Receipt;
 For which they claim'd their Sunday's Due,
 Of slumb'ring in an upper Pew.
 No Man's Defects sought they to know,
 So never made themselves a Foe;
 No Man's good Deeds did they commend;
 So never rais'd themselves a Friend.
 Nor cherish'd they Relations poor;
 That might decrease their present Store;
 Nor Barn nor House did they repair;
 That might oblige their future Heir;
 They

They neither added nor confounded,
 They neither wanted, nor abounded,
 Each Christmas they Accounts did clear,
 And wound their Bottom round the Year,
 Nor Tear, nor Smile did they employ
 At News of public Grief or Joy.
 When Bells were rung and Bonfires made,
 If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their Aid;
 Their Jug was to the Ringers carry'd,
 Whoever either dy'd or marry'd;
 Their Billet at the Fire was found,
 Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.
 Nor good, nor bad, nor Fools, nor wiser,
 They would not learn, nor could advise;
 Without Love, Hatred, Joy, or Fear,
 They led a kind of—as it were;
 Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd;
 And so they liv'd, and so they dy'd.

To the Memory of
 NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

Who died in 1715, aged 45.

And of CHARLOTTA, his only Daughter
 Wife of HENRY EARLE, Esq.

Who, imitating her Father's Spirit,
 And amiable in her own Innocence and Beauty.

Died in the 22d Year of her Age, 1739.

Thy Reliques, Rowe! to this sad Shrine we trust;

And near thy Sister's place thy honour'd Bust.

Oh! next him, shall'd to draw the tender Tear;

For never Heart felt Passion more sincere;

To

To nobler Sentiment to fire the Brave,
 For never *Brides* more disdain'd a Slave;
 Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endless Rest;
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
 And blest that timely from our Scene removed,
 Thy Soul enjoys the Liberty it lov'd.
 To these so mourn'd in Death, so lov'd in Life,
 The childless Parent and the widow'd Wife
 With Tears inscribe this monumental Stone,
 That holds their Ashes and expects her own.

A. POPE.

[Westminster-Abbey.]

On ELIZABETH, C — H —

Would'st thou hear what Man can say
 In a little? Reader, stay.
 Underneath this Stone doth lie;
 As much Beauty as could die,
 Which when alive did Harbour give
 To more Virtue than doth live.
 If at all she had a Fault,
 Leave it buried in this Vault;
 One Name was Elizabeth,
 Th' other, let sleep with Death;
 Fitter, where it dyed, to tell
 Than that it liv'd at all. Farewell.

BEN JOHNSON.

Under this Stone cramm'd in a Hole doth lie,
 The best of Wives that ever Man laid by.
 [In the Church-Yard of St. Olave's in Marygate, York.]

On a Husband and Wife.

They were so one, that none could say
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey—
He rul'd, because she would obey; and she,
In so obeying, rul'd as well as he.

PAUL JERMIN FOLEY.

On Mr. DEMAR, who died July 6, 1720.

Beneath this verdant Hillock lies
Demar the wealthy and the wife.
His Heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his Casket in a Chest
The very Chest, in which, they say,
His better Self, his Money, lay.
And if those Heirs continue kind
To that dear Self he left behind,
I dare to swear that Four in Five
Will think his better Self alive.

Dean Swift.

On Sir PALMES FAIRBORNE, Knt.

Sacred to the immortal Memory of
Sir PALMES FAIRBORNE, Knt.
Governor of Tangier.

In Execution of which Command,
He was mortally wounded by a Shot from the Moors,
Then besieging the Town,
In the 64th Year of his Age, Oct. 24, 1630.

Ye

Ye sacred Reliques! which your Marble keeps,
 Here, undisturb'd by Wars, in Quiet sleeps;
 Discharge the Trust which (when it was below)
 FAIRBORNE's undaunted Soul did undergo,
 And be the Town's Palladium from the Foe.
 Alive and dead these Walls he will defend;
 Great Actions great Examples must attend.
 The *Candian* Siege his early Valour knew,
 Where *Turkish* Blood did his young Hands embue.
 From thence returning with deserv'd Applause,
 Against the *Moors* his well flesh'd Sword he draws,
 The same the Courage, and the same the Cause.
 His Youth and Age, his Life and Death combine,
 As in some great, and regular Design,
 All of a Piece throughout, and all Divine.
 Still nearer Heav'n, his Virtue shone more bright,
 Like rising Flames expanding in their Height,
 The Martyr's Glory crown'd the Soldier's Fight.
 More bravely *British* Gen'ral never fell; of such
 Nor Gen'ral's Death was e'er reveng'd so well;
 Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their Close,
 Follow'd by Thousand Victims of his Foes.

To his lamented Loss for Times to come,
 His pious Widow consecrates this Tomb.

J. DRYDEN.

[Westminster-Abbey.]

On little STEPHEN, a noted Fiddler in Suffolk.

Stephen and Time are now both even;

Stephen beat Time, now Time's beat Stephen.

E P I T A P H S.

49

On a large fat Physician.

Take heed, O good Trav'ler, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. ~~Str~~ in all this Church-Yard.

Here lies the Body of poor *Frank Row*
Parish-Clerk, and Grave-Stone-Cutter.
And this is writ to let you know,
What *Frank* for others us'd to do,
Is now for *Frank* done by another.

[*Selly, Yorkshire.*]

Well then poor *C* — lies under Ground!
So there's an End of honest *Jack*!
So little Justice here he found,
That ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

Dean SWIFT.

Beneath in the Dust the mouldy old Crust
Of *Nell Bartellor* lately was shoven;
Who was skill'd in the Arts of Pies, Custards and Tarts,
And knew every use of the Oven.
When she'd liv'd long enough she made *her last Puff*,
A *Puff* by her Husband much prais'd;
Now here does she lie, and makes a *Dirt Pie*,
In hopes that *her Crust* will be rais'd.

On one unknown.

Here lies my poor Wife without Bed or Blanket,
But dead as a Door-Nail, GOD be thanked.

E

On

On THEODORE, King of Corsica.

The Grave, great Teacher, to a Level brings
 Heroes and Beggars, Galley-slaves and Kings;
 But THEODORE his Moral learn'd, ere dead;
 Fate pour'd its Lessons on his living Head;
 Bestow'd a Kingdom, and deny'd him Bread.

Stay Bachelor, if you have Wit,
 A Wonder to behold!
 Husband and Wife in one dark Pit,
 Lie close, and never scold!
 Tread softly though, for Fear she wakes—
 Hark! she begins already!
 "You've hurt my Head—my Shoulder akes;"
 "These Sots can ne'er move steady."
 Ah! Friend, with happy Freedom blest!
 See! how my Hopes miscarried!
 Not Death itself can give you Rest,
 Unless you die unmarried.

AARON HILL.

On JO. WARNER.

I Warner once was to myself,
 Both living, dying, dead, I was;
 Now Warning am to thee:
 See then thou warned be.

[Ipswich, Suffolk.]

1641.

On

On MARGARET SCOTT.

Stop, Passenger, until my Life you've read;
 The Living may get Knowledge by the Dead.
 Five Times Five Years I liv'd a Virgin Life;
 Ten Times Five Years I was a virtuous Wife;
 Ten Times Five Years I liv'd a Widow chaste;
 Now, tir'd of this mortal Life, I rest.
 I, from my Cradle to my Grave, have seen
 Eight mighty Kings of Scotland, and a Queen.
 Four Times Five Years the Commonwealth I saw;
 Ten Times the Subjects rose against the Law.
 Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down:
 And twice the Cloak was humbled by the Gown.
 An End of *Stuart's* Race I saw: No more I
 I saw my Country sold for English Ore.
 Such Desolations in my Time have been;
 I have an End of all Perfection seen.

Here lies a Head that often ach'd,
 Here lies two Hands that always shak'd;
 Here lies a Brain of odd Conceit,
 Here lies a Heart that often beat;
 Here lie two Eyes that daily wept,
 And in the Night but seldom slept;
 Here lies a Tongue that whining talk'd,
 Here lie two Feet that feebly walk'd;
 Here lie the Midriff and the Brest,
 With Loads of Indigention prest;

no. 1

E 2

Here

Here lies the Liver full of Bile,
 That ne'er secreted proper Chyle;
 Here lie the Bowels, human Tripes,
 Tortur'd with Wind, and twisting Gripes;
 Here lies that livid Dab, the Spleen,
 The Source of Life's sad, tragic Scene,
 That left Side Weight that clogs the Blood,
 And stagnates Nature's circling Flood;
 Here lie the Nerves, so often twitch'd
 With painful Cramps and poignant Stitch;
 Here lies the Back oft rack'd with Pains,
 Corroding Kidneys, Loins and Reins;
 Here lies the Skin *per* Scurvy fed,
 With Pimples and Eruptions red;
 Here lies the Man from Top to Toe,
 That Fabrick fam'd for Pain and Woe:
 He caught a Cold; but colder Death
 Compress'd his Lungs, and stop't his Breath;
 The Organs could no longer go,
 Because the Bellows ceas'd to blow.

Thus I dissect this honest Friend,
 Who ne'er till Death was at Wit's End;
 For want of Spirits here he fell,
 With higher Spirits let him dwell,
 In future State of Peace and Love,
 Where just Men's perfect Spirits move.

WILLIAM GOODWIN.

The learned and facetious Author of this was Fellow
 of *Eaton* College, and Vicar of *St. Nicholas*, in *Bristol*. He
 died in *June*, 1642.

Upes

Upon a Clergyman, passionately fond of Music.

Here TRILLO lies, a laughing, merry Priest,
 Who lov'd good Ale, a Fiddle, and a Jest;
 Death took him in the Middle of a Song,
 Ty'd all his Fingers, and untun'd his Tongue;
 Low rest his Bones, his Soul ascends on high,
 In sure and certain Hopes its Heaven is nigh,
 Where he may Sing and Play to all Eternity!

}

G.

On THOMAS KEMP, hanged for Sheep-stealing.

Here lies the Body of THOMAS KEMP,
 Who liv'd by Wool, but dy'd by Hemp;
 There's nothing wou'd suffice this Glutton,
 But with the Fleece, to steal the Mutton;
 Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter,
 He'd ne'er been hang'd for a Sheep-biter.

On Mrs. PENNIAH JUCKES,

A Maid of Eighteen
 We have laid in this Green,
 To rest herself here a short Space,
 And after that Time
 This Rose in her Prime
 Shall rise up again by God's Grace.

[Hackney.]

On Mr. JOHN PETTYGREW, late Minister at Givan near Glasgow in Scotland.

Here lies a Reverend Givan Priest,
 Who sore against his Will deceas'd,
 His Soul's to Abraham's Bosom fled,
 As by his Reverend Elders said:
 Others, who knew his youthful Toys,
 Say Sarah's rather was his Choice;
 But be as 'twill, his Scabbard's humbled,
 Death tripp'd up his Heels, and down he tumbled.

On Mr. JOHN BERRY.

How! how! who's buried here?
 JOHN BERRY, is't the younger?
 No, the Elder-BERRY.
 An Elder-BERRY bury'd! Surely must
 Rather rise up and live than turn to Dust;
 So may our BERRY, whom stern Death has slain.
 Be only buried to rise up again.

On an old Hawker found dead in the Highway.

John Sherry lies here, whose fixed Abode
 Before was no-where, for he liv'd on the Road;
 And when with Age grown scarce able to creep,
 He there laid him down, and he died in a Sleep.
 But some Friends who lov'd him soon heard his Mishap,
 And hither remov'd him to take out his Nap.

J. KIRK,

In

In Memory of THOMAS THETCHER, a Grenadier in the North Battalion of the Hampshire Militia, who died of a Fever, contracted by drinking Small Beer when hot, the 12th of May, 1764.—In grateful Remembrance of whose universal Goodwill towards his Comrades, this Stone is placed here at their Expence, as a small Testimony of their Regard and Esteem.

Here rests in Peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who kill'd himself by drinking poor Small Beer;
Soldiers, be warn'd by his untimely Fall,
And when you're hot drink Strong or none at all.

[Cathedral Church-Yard, Winchester.]

On Sir JOHN CALF.

Here lies the Body of Sir JOHN CALF,
Who was thrice Lord Mayor of this City,
Honour! Honour! Honour!

The following Lines were wrote by a Gentleman who read the above Epitaph.

O wretched Death, more viler than a Fox,
Could'st thou not let this Calf become an Ox,
That he might brouse amongst the Briars and Thorne,
And wear among his Brethern,

Horns! Horns! Horns!

On

On the Rev. Mr. WILLIAM COLE.

Reader, behold the pious Pattern here,
 Of true Devotion and of holy Fear:
 He sought God's Glory and the Church's Good,
 Idle Idol Worship firmly he withstood.
 Yet died in Peace, whose Body here doth lie,
 In Expectation of Eternity,
 And when the latter Triumph of Heav'n shall blow,
 Co's now rak'd up in *Ashes* then shall glow. 1600

[*Lincoln Cathedral.*]

Here lies *Randolph Peter*, of *Oriel*, the Eater.
 Whoe'er you are, tread softly, I intreat you,
 For if he chance to wake, be sure, he'll eat you.

On Mr. WILLIAM WHEATLY.

Whoever treadeth on this Stone,
 I pray you tread most neatly;
 For underneath the same doth lie
 Your honest Friend, *Will Wheatly*.

*On ALEXANDER LAYTON, Master of
 Defence, 1679.*

His Thrusts like Lightning flew; but skilful Death
 Parry'd 'em all, and put him out of Breath.

On a Miller.

Death, without Question, was as bold as brief,
When he kill'd two in one, Miller and Thief.

On Mr. STRANGE.

Here lies one *Strange*, no *Pagan*, *Turk*, nor *Jesu*;
'Tis *Strange*, but not so *strange* as it is true.

On a Youth.

Did he die young? O, no, it could not be,
For I know few that liv'd so long as he;
'Till GOD and all Men lov'd him: then be bold,
The Man that lives so long must needs be old.

THOMAS CRABTREE died 1680, aged 19.

Short was my stay in this vain World,
And but a seeming Laughter;
Therefore mark well my Words and Ways,
For thou com'st posting after.

[*St. John's Church, Leeds.*]

On a Lock-Smith.

A zealous Lock-Smith died of late,
And did arrive at Heaven's Gate.
He stood without, and wou'd not knock,
Because he meant to pick the Lock.

On K. HENRY VIII's Jester.

Stay, Traveller, guess who lies here:
 I tell thee, neither Lord nor Peer,
 No Knight, no Gentleman of Note,
 That boasts him of his ancient Coat,
 Which Heralds curiously emblazon,
 For Men (well skill'd therein) to gaze on.
 Know then, this was no such Man,
 And I'll express him as I can:

He that beneath this Tomb-stone lies,
 Some call'd him Fool, some held him wise;
 For which, who better Proof can bring,
 Than to be favour'd by a King?
 And yet again, we may misdoubt him,
A King bath always Fools about him.
 Is he more Idiot than the Rest
 Who in a guarded Coat can Jest?
 Or can he Wisdom's Honour gain
 That is all Bravery, and no Brain?
 Since no such Things; Wit truly bred,
 I'th' Habit lies not, but i'th' Head.
 But whether he was Fool or Knave,
 He now lies sleeping in his Grave,
 Who never in his Life found Match,
 Unless the Cardinal's Fool call'd *Patch*:
 Of whom some Courtiers, who did see
 Them two alone, might say *He Three*:
 And may be fear'd it is a Phrase,
 That may be us'd in these our Days.

Well,

Well, more of him what should I say?
 Both Fools and Wise Men turn to Clay:
 And this is all we have to trust,
 That there's no Difference in their Dust:
 Rest quiet then beneath this Stone,
 To whom late *Asby* was a Drone.

On a Shrew.

Here lies a Woman—no Man can deny it,
 She rests in Peace, altho' she liv'd unquiet;
 Her Husband prays, if by her Grave you walk,
 You'll gently tread, for if she wakes she'll talk.

On a Chandler.

How might his Days end that made *Weeks*? or he
 That could make *Light*, here laid in *Darkness* be?
 Yet since his *Weeks* were spent, how could he chuse
 But be depriv'd of *Light* and his Trade lose?
 Yet dead the *Chandler* is, and sleeps in Peace,
 No Wonder! long since melted with his *Grease*:
 It seems that he did Evil, for *Day-light*
 He hated, and did rather with the *Night*;
 Yet came his *Works* to *Light*, and were like Gold
 Prov'd in the Fire, but could not Trial hold.
 His *Candle* had an End, and Death's black Night
 Is an *Extinguisher* of all his *Light*.

On

On a Footman.

This nimble Footman ran away from Death,
 And here he rested, being out of Breath;
 Here Death him overtook, made him his Slave,
 And sent him on an Errand to the Grave.

On HOBSON the Carrier.

HOBSON (what's out of Sight is out of Mind)
 Is gone and left his Letters here behind.
 He that with so much Paper used to meet,
 Is now, alas! content to take one Sheet.

Another.

He that such Carriage-store was wont to have,
 Is carried now himself unto his Grave;
 O strange! He that in Life ne'er made but one,
 Six Carriers makes, now he is dead and gone.

Another.

Here HOBSON lies, prest with a heavy Load,
 Who now is gone the old and common Road;
 The Waggon he so lov'd, so lov'd to ride,
 That he was drawing on, whilst that he dy'd.

Another.

HOBSON's not dead, but *Charles*, the Northern Swain,
 Hath sent for him, to draw his lightsome Waine.

On

On ANNE BURTON

ANNE, the Daughter of
ANDREW BURTON, of Oakham, Esq;
Fellow of Gray's-Inn,

Departed this Life June 19, A. D. 1642, Æ. 15.

Reader, stand back; dull not this Marble Shrine,
With irreligious Breath: the Stone's divine,
And does enclose a Wonder—Beauty, Wit,
Devotion, and Virginity with it.
Which, like a Lilly fainting in its Prime,
Wither'd and left the World; decent Time
Crop'd it too soon: And Earth, the self-same Womb
From whence it sprung, is now become the Tomb.
Whose sweeter Soul, a Flower of matchless Price,
Transplanted is from hence to Paradise.

[Oakham, Rutlandshire.]

On LUCIA SMITH

LUCIA SMITH, Daughter of

Died Oct. 6, 1682, Æ. 12

Within a Day of Twelve Years Old,

Who lived much-beloved, and died greatly lamented

By all her Acquaintance:

Not having known her Equal for natural Endowments

At her Age.

Reader, pay thy Tribute here,

A Tear, a Rose, and then a Tear—

Grief may make thee Marble too.

Yet weep on as Marbles do:

F

Gently

Gently let the Dust be spread
 On a gentle Virgin's Head,
 Press'd by no rude Passer-by,
 Nothing but a Mother's Eye;
 Sacred Tomb! with whom we trust
 Precious Piles of lovely Dust,
 Keep them safely, sacred Tomb!
 'Till a Mother ask for Room;
 Happy Soul, thy Heart prepare,
 'Till she comes and hugs thee there,
 And when each Particle shall kiss,
 In her dear Arms arise to Bliss.

[*Bunhill-Fields Burjng-Ground.*]

'Tis mine to-day to moulder in the Tomb,
 To-morrow may thy awful Summons come.
 Thus fall, and sleep secure? Awake, or know,
 Thy Dreams will terminate in endless Woe;
 Wake, and contend for Heav'n's immortal Prize,
 And give to God each Moment as it flies.
 Serene then may'st thou recollect the past,
 And with a sacred Transport meet the last.

On a Cobler.

Death at a Cobler's Door oft made a Stand,
 And always found him on the mending Hand;
 At last came Death in very foul Weather,
 And ript the Soul from the Upper-Leather:
 Death put a Trick upon him, and what was't?
 The Cobler call'd for's Awl, Death brought his Last.

EPI T A P H S. 68

On JAMES RIVERS, Esq.

Here lyeth the Body of
JAMES RIVERS, Esq.

Son and Heir of

Sir JOHN RIVERS of Chaford, in the County of Kent, Bart.

Who married CHARITY, Daughter of

Sir JOHN SHURLEY of Lifield, in the County of Suffex, Knt.

And had Issue four Sons, and eight Daughters;

Who died June 8, 1648.

Within this hollow Vault here rests the Fame
Of that high Soul which late inform'd the same;
Torn from the Service of the State in's Prime,
By a Disease malignant as the Time;
Whose Life and Death design'd no other End,
Than to serve God, his Country, and his Friend:
Who, (when Ambition, Tyranny, and Pride,
Conquer'd the Age) conquer'd himself and died.

[*St. Bartholomew the Great.*]

On Mr. AIRE.

Under this Stone of Marble fair,
Lies the Body entomb'd of GERVASE AIRE:
He dy'd not of an Ague Fit,
Nor surfeited of too much Wit:
Methinks this was a wondrous Death,
That AIRE should die for Want of Breath.

[*St. Giles, Cripplegate.*]

On old GOLD, a Papist.

One here lies, who roll'd in Gold,
 And kept it all, yet he grew old.
 To save him for his Sins committed,
 For Gold, he thought, he should be quitted.
 A Priest assur'd him of a Pardon,
 Or wou'd not take of him one Farthing;
 The Chub believ'd (resign'd his Breath)
 And left his Prayers till after Death.

On Mr. RICHMAN, a Miser.

Here lies a Body who lost his Breath,
 And cou'd not save himself from Death:
 Yet he struggled to live longer;
 But Death then he being so much stronger,
 Cut him down just at his Pleasure,
 And forc'd was he to leave his Treasure:
 But his Gold he'd fain took with him,
 And then to die 'twou'd not have griev'd him.

On a Porter.

At length by Works of wondrous Fate,
 Here lies the Porter of *Westminster* Gate:
 If gone to Heav'n, as much I fear,
 He can but be a Porter there:
 He fear'd not Hell so much for's Sin,
 As for th' great Rapping, and oft Coming-in.

E P I T A P H S. 65

On HENRY RICHARDS, a Quarter-Master in the King's 15th Regiment of Light Dragoons; he died June 22, 1783, aged 68 Years, and was buried in the Church of All-Saints, Pavement, in the City of York.

Here lies a Vet'ran, honest, faithful, brave,
 Who hated Flattery as he scorn'd a Knave;
 To gain Applause, led by no servile Ends,
 Left to his Merits to procure him Friends;
 Who for his King did ever chearful wield,
 His faithful Sword, in many a well-fought Field.
 Near sixty Years a Soldier's life he spent,
 Firm to command, and to obey content.
 At Dettingen, and glorious Fontenoy,
 The Wounds he got he counted as his Joy:
 At Culloden brave William arm'd his Hand;
 His latest Services, Prince Ferdinand;
 He liv'd esteem'd amid his social Few,
 Then mourn'd and honor'd, bid the World adieu.

On a Soldier.

When I was young, in Wars I shed my Blood.
 Both for my King and for my Country's Good:
 In elder Years my chief Care was to be
 Soldier to him that shed his Blood for me.

*On JOAN TRUMAN, who had an Issue
in her Leg.*

Here lyes crafty Joan, deny it who can,
Who liv'd a false Maid and dy'd a Truman;
And this Trick she had to make up her Cunning,
Whilst one Leg stood still, the other was running.

On WILLIAM SHAW, an Attorney.

Here lies William Shaw,
An Attorney at Law;
If he is not blest,
What will become of all the rest?

[St. Bartholomew, London.]

On a young Lady.

Here lies a Maid not full sixteen,
Was Maid of Honour to the Queen;
And Men as Years have lain upon her,
And yet she died a Maid of Honour.

On JOHN PYE, a Farmer.

Here lyes John Pye,
Oh! Oh!
Does he so?
There let him lye.

[Coventry.]

E P I T A P H S.

67

On HENRY JENKINS.

Blush not Marble,
To rescue from Oblivion,
The Memory
of
HENRY JENKINS.
A person obscure in Birth,
But of a Life truly memorable;
For
He was enriched
With the Goods of Nature,
If not of Fortune,
And happy
In the Duration,
If not Variety,
Of his Enjoyments,
And though the partial World,
Dispised and disregarded
His low and humble State,
The equal Eye of Providence;
Beheld and blessed it,
With a Patriarch's Health and Length of Days;
To teach mistaken Men,
These Blessings are entailed on Temperance,
A Life of Labour and a Mind at Ease.
He lived to the amazing Age of 169.
Was interred Dec. 6, 1676.
And had this Justice done to his Memory 1743.
[Bolton in Yorkshire.]

*A Translation of Mr. COWLEY's Epitaphium
Vivi Authoris, when he retired from the Civil
Wars.*

Trav'ler, within this Moss-grown Cot,
Cowley has all the World forgot;
From Toil and Care he here is free,
And Life's prolix Anxiety.
Thro' Fortune's Cloud he graceful shines,
Nor at this noble Ease repines;
Riches contemns as trifling Things,
The Vulgar's Wish, and Pride of Kings.
For Cowley, dead, you sure may mourn,
When here so little serves his Turn.
Light, Trav'ler, lie this Turf on me,
Exempt from Noise this little be!
O sprinkle Flow'rs and Rose-buds round,
With Flow'rets still the Grave is crown'd;
And with sweet Herbs your Poet strew,
While warm with Life his Ashes glow.

EUGENIO.

On JOHN TAYLOR, the Water Poet.

Here lies the Water Poet, honest John,
Who rowed on the Streams of Helicon;
Where having many Rocks and Dangers past,
He at the Haven of Heaven arriv'd at last.

On

E P I T A P H S. 69

C. M. *On Mr. DAN. G.*

Here *Daniel* lies close in his Den;
 Defying Devils, Lions, Men;
 Content within his little Stall,
 As *Cæsar* is, — he honest *Bully*;
 Let him lie still; — he's free from Strife,
 From Pains, and restless Hours of Life;
 They're left behind, forgot, or gone,
 Or rest beneath this silent Stone.
 If he had Faults; pray who is free?
 For some have greater Faults than he,
 Thro' various Scenes in Life he past,
 And boldly view'd his Fate at last.
 Few Friends he had, fewer carels'd him;
 — The Curtain falls, — and no one miss'd him.

Mought thousand Insects in the Spring,

The watching Sparrow one espies;
 He nimbly flits, and drops his Wing,
 The gilded Prey, unheeded, lies:

So Insect Man, we daily see,

Drops unregarded as the Bee:

This Maxim learn, as from a Friend:

None live so well, but they may mend.

R. M.

On JOHN DEATH.

Here's *Death* interr'd, that liv'd by Bread;
 Then all should live, now *Death* is dead.

70 E P I T A P H S.

On THOMAS WILLIS, M. D.

In Honour to thy Mem'ry, blessed Shade:
Was the Foundation of this Chapel laid:
Purchas'd by thee, thy Son, and * present Heir,
Owe these three Manors to thy sacred Care:
For this, may all thy Race Thanks ever pay:
And yearly celebrate St. Martin's Day! †

WILLIAM BROWN, Esq.
[Fenny Stratford Chapel, Bucks.]

* Brown Willis, Esq; the Doctor's Grandson.

† This Chapel was raised and endowed by Brown Willis,
and dedicated to St. Martin, because the Doctor was born in
the Parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, London.

On SAMUEL SMITH, Ordinary of Newgate.

Under this Stone
Lies a Reverend Drone,
To Tyburn well known;
Who preach'd against Sin
With a terrible Grin;

In which some may think that he acted but oddly,
Since he liv'd by the Wicked, and not by the Godly.

In Time of great Need,

In case he were feed,

He'd teach one to read

Old Pot-Hooks and Scrawls.

As ancient as Paul's;

But if no money came,

You might hang for old Sam.

And

E P I T A P H S. 71

And founder'd in Pfalter,
Be ty'd to a Halter.

This Priest was well hung,
I mean with a Tongue,
And bold Sons of Vice
Would disarm in a Trice,
And draw Tears from a Flint,
Or the Devil was in't.
If a Sinner came him nigh,
With Soul black as Chimney,
And had but the Scufe
To give him the Pence,
With a little Church Paint
He'd make him a Saint.
He understood Physick,
And cur'd Cough and Phthifick:
And in short all the Ills
That we find in the Bills,
With a Sovereign Balm,
The World calls a Psalm.

Thus his *Newgate* Birds, once in the Space of a Moon,
Tho' they liv'd to no Purpose, they dy'd to some Tune.

In Death was his Hope,
For he liv'd by a Rope;
Yet this, by the Way,
In his Praise we may say,
That like a true Friend
He his Flock did attend
Even to the World's End:
And car'd not to start
From Sledge or from Cart,

'Till

'Till he first *law* them wear
 Knots under their Ear,
 And, merrily swing
 In a well-twisted String,
 But if any dy'd hard,
 And left no Reward,
 As I told you before,
 He'd inhanse their old Store,
 And kill them again,
 With his murdering Pen,
 Thus he kept Sin in Aread
 And supported the Law;
 But oh! cruel Fate!
 So unkind tho' I say't,
 Last Week to our Grief,
 Grim Death, that old Thief,
 Alas and alack!
 Had the Boldness to pack
 This old Priest on his Back,
 And whither he's gone
 It is not certainly known;
 But a man may conclude,
 Without being rude,
 That Orthodox Sam
 His Flock would not sham,
 And to shew himself to 'em a Pastor most civil,
 As he led, so he follow'd them all to the D—l.

On JOHN FLINT.

Beneath this Stone lies John Flint,
 If he gets up the Devil's in't.

EPI T A P H S. 173

On HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

I.
Turn hither, Man! within this Tomb
In Peace doth *Fielding* rest:
This must in Time be *Stanhope's* Doom;
Know then, all Wits a Jest.

II.
Learning and Sense refus'd shall here
Britannia's Loss deplore;
Humour's gay Self shall drop a Tear;
And Vice shall crouch no more.

III.
Now may she rear her shameless Head,
And throw her Lure abroad,
From Earth her constant Foe is fled,
To Virtue and to God.

On Mons. REIGNIER. Made by Himself.

Gaily I liv'd as Ease and Nature taught,
And spent my little Life without a Thought;
And am amaz'd that Death, that Tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

On Dr. FULLER.
Here lies *Fuller's* Earth.

*On a Printer of Boston, in New-England,
written by Himself.*

BEN FRANKLIN, *Printer,
(Like the Cover of an old Book,
Its Contents worn out,
And strip of its Lettering and Gilding)
Lies here Food for the Worms.
Yet the Work shall not be lost;
For it shall (as he believed) appear once more
In a new and most beautiful Edition;
Come Bat and revised
By the AUTHOR.
*The celebrated Dr. Franklin.

A White-Chapel Epitaph.

Here lies honest Stephen with Mary his Bride,
Who merrily liv'd, and chearfully dy'd,
They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank while they were
able,
But now they are forc'd to knock under the Table.
This Marble which formerly serv'd 'em to drink on,
Now covers their Bodies; a sad Thing to think on!
That do what one can to moisten our Clay,
Twill one Day be Ashes, and moulder away.

On BEN JOHNSON the Poet.

O rare Ben Johnson!
[Westminster-Abbey.]

In a Country Church-Yard.

Here rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth,
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his Bounty, and his Soul sincere;
 Heav'n did a Recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Want—'twas all he had—a Tear;
 He gain'd from Heav'n—'twas all he wish'd—a Friend.

Nor farther seek his Merits to disclose,
 Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode;
 (Where they alike in trembling Hope repose)
 The Bosom of his Father and his God.

Mr. GRAY]

*On one named *JOHN.*

Death came to John,
 And whisper'd in his Ear,
 You must die, John;

D'ye hear?

Quoth John to Death,

The News is bad:

No Matter, quoth Death,

I've said.

* It was his usual Custom in Company, when he told them any thing, to ask *D'ye hear?* And if any said he did not hear him; John would reply, *No Matter, I've said.*

76 EPI TAPHIS

On a Scrivener.

May all Men by these Presents testify,
A lurching Scrivener here fast bound doth lie.

On a Gamester's Tomb-Stone.

Here lies the Body of *All Four*,
Who lost his Money and pawn'd his Cloaths;
If that you want to know his Name,
'Tis *Higbest, Lowest, Jack, and Gammon* all.

On a Taylor.

JACK SNIP the *Taylor*'s dead; 'tis now too late
To brawl or range with the cruel Fate;
Met, sure, 'twas hardly done, to clip his Thread,
Before he gave them Leave, in his own Bed.
He died at Forty just. Poor Shred of base
Mortality, who pities not his Case!
Of a whole Ell of Cloth he would not take
Above a Nail at most, for Conscience Sake;
But of his Span of Life, I dare to say,
Death stole not much less than one Half away;
And, Coward-like, just when he was not well,
With his own Bodkin (pitiful to tell)
He bor'd a Hole through him, that all his Men
And Prentices could not fitch up again.

*On Dr. WALKER, Author of a Book on the
English Particles.*

Here lie *Walker's Particles*.

On

On JOHN TISSEY, a late Punster.

Merry was he for whom we now are sad;
His Jokes were many, and but few were bad;
The gay, the jocund, sprightly, active Soul
No more shall pun, alas! no more shall bowl.
Now at his Tomb methinks I hear him say,
I never liked to be in a *grave* Way;
Then by and by he cries, For all your Scoffing,
I now am only in a *Pit* of *Coffin*.
Thy passing Bell with heavy Hearts we hear,
For thee each *passing Belle* shall drop a Tear;
That sable Hearse which drew thy Corpse along,
Shall be *rebear'd* in dismal Poet's Song;
Ah, how unlike! yet this is he, we're sure,
Who once in Grafton's Coach sat so demure.
Many a Ball he gracefully began,
Well may we *dow* to lose so great a Man.
Thy friendly Club their might Loss deplore,
Their faithful Secretary now no more!
Thou ne'er shalt *scarce* tarry though in Death,
While Puns are Puns, or punning Men have Breath.

His EPITAPH.

Beneath this Gravel and those Stones
Lie poor *Jack Tissey's* Skin and Bones;
His Fie!b, I oft have heard him say,
He hop'd in Time would make good Hay:
Quoth I, How can that come to pass?
And he reply'd, "All Fle!b is Grass."

78 E P I T A P H S.

To the Memory of RICHARD HIND.

Here lies the Body of *Richard Hind*,
Who was neither ingenious, sober, or kind.

[*Chebburgh Church-yard.*]

On Mr. P O P E.

Sacred to the Memory of ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.
Who,
As a Poet;
Was the greatest Ornament of his Country;
And,
As a Philosopher,
An Honour to Mankind.

He liv'd in a polite Age, when the Muses flourished in
Britain;

When *British* Arms were dreaded Abroad;
And *British* Liberty secured at Home;
So that he was revered by many excellent Poets;
Esteemed by many illustrious Warriors;
And beloved by many glorious Patriots.

Among contending Factions,
He was like ATTICUS,
Respected by both Parties:
Among his cotemporary Poets,
He was like HORACE,
The polite Scholar, and the accomplished Gentleman.

Well,

E P I T A P H S

79

His Translation of *HOMER* is a Glory to *Britain*;
His own Writings are a valuable Treasure to the
World.

He lived beloved by all good Men,
Dreaded by some bad ones;
But he died on the 30th of May, 1744, regretted by
All Mankind.

Oh! Friend of Virtue, Foe to ev'ry Vice,
Corruption now secure may give her Price,
No more thy Noble Verse, with honest Rage,
Detects the Villain, and reforms the Age:
Gives Patriots Spirit in their glorious Toil;
Praises an *Oxford*, or laments a *BOYLE*.

Thy noble Friends are mould'ring by thy Side:
With them, and thee, half *Britain's* Glory dy'd.
When shall she see the happy Time again,
When Freedom finds new *Marchmonts* in her Reign?
When other Poets shall renew her Smile,
And, like her *POPE*, adorn the happy Isle?

Weep, *Muses*! ev'ry Son of *PHOEBUS* mourn!
And consecrate, with Tears, this sacred Urn.
POPE dy'd: *Fame* bade the *Muses* sound his Praise:
They said, "'Twas done, in his immortal Lays."

Mr. ROLT.

On Mrs. *APHRA BEHN*.

Here lies a Proof that Wit can never be
Defence enough against Mortality.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

Os

On P. DODDRIDGE, D. D.

Sublime of Genius! and with Science blest'd,
 Of ev'ry brilliant Excellence possess'd;
 Beyond the common Standard, Learn'd and Wise,
 Of Conduct Artless, and above Disguise:
 In whom but Equals few, Superiors none,
 The Friend, the Husband, and the Father, shone!
 Lov'd by the truly Virtuous and the Great,
 And honour'd with the flaming Bigot's Hate;
 A Tutor, form'd t' implant in yielding Youth,
 And, into Fruit, mature the Seeds of Truth:
 A Writer, elegant in manly Charms,
 Who, like the Sun, enlightens while he warms;
 A Pastor, blending with divinest Skill,
 A Seraph's Knowledge with a Seraph's Zeal:
 Not only taught Religion's Paths, but trod;
 And, like illustrious ENOCH, walk'd with God.

DODDRIDGE! these rich Embellishments, combin'd,
 Were thine—but who can paint an Angel's Mind?
 Heav'n saw thee ripe for Glory; and, in Love,
 Remov'd thee hence, to grace the Realms above.

1754.

B. SOWDEN.

On THOMAS SOUTHERN.

Prais'd by the Grandfires of the present Age,
 Shall SOUTHERN pass, un-noted off the Stage?
 Who, more than half a Century ago,
 Caus'd from each Eye the tender Tear to flow?

Does

Does not his Death one grateful Drop demand,
 In Works of Wit the NESTOR of our Land?
 SOUTHERN was DRYDEN's Friends: him Genius warm'd,
 When OTWAY wrote, and BETTERTON perform'd:
 He knew poor * NAT, while regular his Fire,
 Was CONGREVE's Pattern, e'er he rais'd Desire:
 Belong'd to CHARLES's Age, when Wit ran high,
 And liv'd so long but to behold it die.

* NAT. LEE.

On Mrs. MASON.

Take, holy Earth! all that my Soul holds dear:
 Take that best Gift which Heav'n so lately gave:
 To Bristol's Fount I bore with trembling Care
 Her faded Form: she bow'd to taste the Wave
 And died. Does Youth, does Beauty, read the Line?
 Does sympathetic Fear their Breasts alarm?
 Speak, dead MARIA! breathe a Strain divine:
 Ev'n from the Grave thou shalt have Power to charm.
 Bid them be Chaste, be Innocent, like thee;
 Bid them in Duty's Sphere as meekly move;
 And if so Fair, from Vanity as free;
 As firm in Friendship, and as fond in Love,
 Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful Thing to die,
 ('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dead Path once trod,
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting Portals high,
 And bids "the Pure in Heart behold their God."

The Rev. Mr. Masow.

[Bristol Cathedral.]

On

On the Honourable Miss DRUMMOND.

Here sleeps what once was Beauty, once was Grace;
 Grace, that with Tenderness and Sense combin'd
 To form that Harmony of Soul and Face,
 Where Beauty shines the Mirror of the Mind.
 Such was the Maid, that in the Morn of Youth,
 In Virgin Innocence, in Nature's Pride,
 Blest with each Art that owes its Charm to Truth,
 Sunk in her Father's fond Embrace, and died.
 He weeps: O Venerate the holy Tear;
 Faith lends her Aid to ease Affliction's Load;
 The Parent mourns his Child upon her Bier,
 The Christian yields an Angel to his God.

The Rev. Mr. MASON.

[In the Church of Bradsworth, Yorkshire.]

On Mr. THOMSON.

And dieth *Thomson* as the Fool must die,
 Whose Thoughts all perish with his Memory?
 No: Death reveres the Scribe's immortal Mind;
 His Wit, tho' dead, yet lives to all Mankind;
 Which hymn'd the *Seasons* with its Angel Tongue,
 And with the Morning Stars in Concert sung.
 Here *Liberty* Time waits on to the last,
 And *Fame* o'er *Genius* blows a Fun'ral Blast;
 There doleful Tragedy delights to mourn,
 Ev'n *Indolence* with Tears attends this Urn!
 The World of Sense for Worth departed fights,
 And *Wisdom* weeps, when *Understanding* dies.

The Rev. Mr. DE-LA-COURT.

On a Gentleman.

Why start? The Case is yours, or will be soon?
Some Years perhaps, perhaps another Moon;
Life in its utmost Span, is still a Breath;
And those who longest dream must wake in Death.

Like you, I once thought ev'ry Bliss secure,
And Gold of ev'ry Ill the certain Cure:
'Till steep'd in Sorrows, and besieged with Pain,
Too late I found all earthly Riches vain:
Disease with Scorn threw back the sordid Fee,
And Death still answer'd, What is Gold to me?

Fame, Titles, Honours, Glory next I sought,
And Fools obsequious nurs'd the childish Thought:
Circled with brib'd Applause and purchas'd Praise,
I built on endless Pleasure, endless Days:
Till Death awak'd me from a Dream of Pride,
And laid a prouder Beggar by my Side.

Pleasure I courted, and obey'd my Taste;
The Banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay Repast:
A loathsome Carcase was my constant Care,
And Worlds were ransack'd but for me to share:
Go on, poor Wretch; to Luxury be firm;
But, know, I feasted; but—to feast a Worm.

Already, sure, less terrible I seem;
And you, like me, will own that Life's a Dream:
Farewell, remember, nor my Words despise!
The ~~only~~ happy are the really wise.

On an Infant.

To the dark and silent Tomb, I hasted on
 Soon I hasted from the Womb; scarce I stood
 Scarce the Dawn of Life began; Ere I measur'd out my Span
 I no smiling Pleasures knew,
 I no gay Delights could view;
 Joyless Sojourner was I,
 Only born to weep and die.
 "Happy Infants! early blest!"
 "Rest, in peaceful Slumber rest!"
 "Early rescu'd from the Cares
 Which increase with growing Years,
 No delights are worth thy Stay,
 Smiling as they seem and gay;
 All our Gaiety is vain,
 All our Laughter is but Pain."
 Are then all your Pleasures vain?
 Is there none exempt from Pain?
 Is there no Delight, or Joy, nor I
 But your fondest Hopes will cloy?
 "Short and sickly are they all,
 Hardly tasted ere they fall:
 Lasting only, and divine,
 Is an Innocence-like thine."
 Sickly Pleasures, all adieu!
 Pleasures, which I never knew!
 I'll enjoy my early Rest,
 Of my Innocence possess:
 Happy! happy! from the Womb,
 That I hasted to the Tomb.

On a Nobleman's Tombstone at Woodford-Wells.

I dreamt that, bury'd in my Fellow Clay,
 Close by a common Beggar's Side I lay;
 And as to mean a Neighbour shock'd my Pride,
 Thus (like a Corpse of Quality) I cry'd:
 "Away, thou Scoundrel! henceforth touch me not;
 "More Manners learn, and at a Distance rot."
 "Thou Scoundrel!" in a louder Tone, cry'd he,
 "Proud Lump of Dirt, I scorn thy Words and Thee;
 "We're equal now, I'll not an Inch resign;
 "This is my Dunghill, and the next is thine."

Alas! no more I could survive,
 For I am dead, and not alive;
 And thou in Time no longer shalt survive,
 But be as dead as any Man alive.

Here lie three Knights, Grandfather, Father, and Son;
 Sir Edward, Sir Edward, and Sir Edward Littleton.

Upon an old Covetous Usurer.

You'd have me say, Here lies *T. U.*
 But I do not believe it:
 For after Death there's something due,
 And he's gone to receive it.

Upon

Upon a Sailor.

Whether Sailor or not for a Moment *avaunt!*
 Poor JACK's *Mizen Top-sail* is laid to the Mast;
 He'll never turn out, or more heave the Lead,
 He's now all a-back,—nor will Sails shoot a-head.
 He always was brisk,—and though now gone to Wreck,
 When he hears the last Whistle—he'll jump upon Deck.

*On Mr. THOMAS HAMMOND, Parish-Clerk
 of Ashford in Kent, who was a good Man, and
 an excellent Backgammon-player, and was suc-
 ceeded in Office by a Mr. TRICE.*

By the Chance of the Die,
 On his *Back* here doth lie,
 Our most audible Clerk, Master Hammond;
 Tho' he bore many Men
 'Till threescore and ten,

Yet, at length, he by Death is *Back-gammon'd*.
 But hark! Neighbours, hark!
 Here again comes the Clerk:
 By a *Hit* very lucky and nice,
 With Death we're now even;
 He just stepp'd up to Heaven,
 And is with us again in a *Trice*.

On a Dr. of Divinity at Binsey, near Oxford.

He dy'd of a Quinsey,
 And was bury'd at Binsey.

E P I T A P H S

87

On JOHN NEWIS, *Æt.* 18.

Underneath this Stone
Lies honest John,
But he's turn'd to Clay
When in the Field
Would never yield
The longest Hunting Day.

1739

On Mr. JOSEPH SHARPE, *The* Maker,
and Common-Councilman of Farringdon With-
out.

Alas! he's dead, good Master SHARPE!
Could I, like *David*, thrum the Harp,
I wou'd his Virtues here rehearse,
In humble Common-Council Verse.
But who can Butcher Death, pray, wheedle?
He from his Hand snatch'd out a Needle;
A Needle sharper than his Dart,
And stuck it into *Joseph's* Heart.

Under this Stone lies here,
Honest John, the Pipeer.
What old John? Nay, nay.
What young John? Ay, ay.
December, 1749.

Ha

On

On HUDIBRAS.

Under this Stone rests HUDIBRAS,
 A Knight as errant as e'er was;
 The Controversie only lies,
 Whether he was more stout than wise;
 Nor can we here pretend to say,
 Whether he best could fight or pray;
 So till these Questions are decided,
 His Virtues must rest undivided.
 Full oft he suffer'd Bangs and Drubs,
 And fall as oft took Pains in Tubs;
 Of Which the most that can be said,
 He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.
 As for his Personage and Shape,
 Among the rest, we'll let them 'scape;
 Nor do we, as Things stand, think fit
 This Stone should meddle with his Wit.
 One Thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
 He liv'd and dy'd a Colonel;
 And for the good old Cause stood Buff,
 'Gainst many a bitter Kick and Cuff:
 But since his Worship's dead and gone,
 And mould'ring lies beneath this Stone,
 The Reader is desired to look
 For his Atchivements in his Book,
 Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
 Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

S. BUTLER.

On the Death of an Epicure.

At length, my Friends, the *Fest* of Life is o'er;
 I've eat sufficient—and I'll drink no more;
 My night is come; I've spent a jovial Day;
 'Tis time to part; but oh!—what is to pay?

On a Fanny.

Here *Fanny* lies interr'd; ah! why,
 Ye Gods, was *Fanny* born to die?
 A Female *Fanny* was, 'tis true,
 But yet no Female Arts she knew.
 No Visits she receiv'd, or paid,
 Nor ever stroll'd to Masquerade;
 Court, Opera, Park, and Play and Ball—
 The prudent *Fanny* scorn'd them all.

All those, who knew her, must confess,
 She never took a Pride in Dress;
 For one brown Garment coarse and plain,
 (A Fence against the Cold and Rain)
 Was all the Cloaths poor *Fanny* wore,
 Who never wish'd, or thought of more,

Vold of all anxious Care and Strife,
 She pass'd, at Ease, a Country Life;
 A Virgin to her dying Day;
 Was ever chearful, ever gay;
 And such an even Temper kept,
 She never laught, nor ever wept:

So little given to offend,
 She got no Foe, nor lost a Friend:
 Nay, tho' a Female (matter rare!),
 Was prais'd and honour'd by the Fair.

Then, Reader, if thou hast a Tear,
 I pr'ythee, stay and drop it here;
 But lest thy Eyes too fast should flow,
 Methinks 'tis fair to let thee know,
 Tho' *Fanny*, true, is dead and gone,
 Poor *Fanny* was a harmless Fawn.

*Wrote by Mr. S. of Fleet-Street, for his own
 Wife.*

Here rests my Wife; poor *Phillis*! let her lie;
 She finds repose at last—and so do I.

*Upon the Death of Old WILLIAM, who kept the
 Gate of Kew-Green. Written by John O'Combe,
 Parish Clerk.*

Old WILL, who kept the Gate at Kew,
 And kindly let all People through,
 Was one Day treated most uncivil,
 Either by Death or by the Devil;
 For one, without or Noise or Strife,
 Shut upon WILL the Gate of Life.

E P I T A P H S.

R9ⁿ

On ROBERT MORE.

Here lies the Body of *Robert More*,
 What signifies more Words?
 Who kill'd himself by eating of Curds;
 But if he had been rul'd by *Sarah* his Wife,
 He might have liv'd all the Days of his Life.

[*Dudalke, Ireland.*]

On WALTER STRONGE, Free-Mason.

Here's one that was an able Workman long,
 Who divers Houses built both fair and strong.
 Tho' *Stronge* he was; a stronger came than he,
 And robb'd him both of Life and Skill, we see;
 Moving an old House a new one for to rear,
 Death met him in the Way, and laid him here. 1662.

A generous Foe, a faithful Friend—
 A Victor bold, here met his End.
 He conquer'd both in War and Peace;
 By Death subdu'd, his Glories cease.
 Ask'st thou, who finish'd here his Course
 With so much Honour?—'Twas a HORSE.

On Mr. — FOOT.

Here lies one *Foot*, whose Death may Thousands save;
 For Death himself has now one *Foot* i' th' Grave.

On

92 E P I T A P H S.

On the Death of the Master of the Star-Inn in Lynn,
commonly called BUMBO DICK, of which Li-
quor he drank two Gallons a Day for 35 Years.

Alas, alas! poor Bumbo Dick,
Without being either sad or sick,
Has left the Bar,
Has left the Inn;
And rayless is the Star,
And dull's the Town of Lynn.
When Brandy would not keep him 'mongst the Quick,
He drank to Death,
While he had Breath,
Who gave him, like a Coward, a cowardly Kick.
But where, alas! dry Dick puts up,
Or where to Night he takes a Sup,
All these you must know
Of his Landlord, Old Nick,
Who has laid him in Limbo below;
For he's chalk'd a long Score against Dick.

E. T.

ON JOHN RICH, Esq.

The Scene is clos'd—Life's Play is done—
And Pleasantry expires with Lan;
Who well perform'd with various Art,
The Mimic, and the Moral Part.
His Action just, correct his Plan,
Whether as Harlequin, or Man.

Here,

E P I T A P H S. 93

Hear, Critics, hear, and spare your Jest,
 Life's but a motley Garb at best;
 He wore it long with Grace and Ease,
 And ev'ry Gesture taught to please;
 Where (some few Patch-work Fables seen
 Scatter'd around—blue—yellow—green—)
 His constant Virtue's radiant Hue
 O'er all superior shone to View.

The lively Vein of Repartee,
 As Magic-sword, was smart and free:
 Like that, for harmless Mirth design'd,
 It struck, but left no Pain behind.

The Masque of Oddity he wore,
 Endear'd the hidden Beauties more.
 When thrown aside, the Shade was clear'd,
 The real Countenance appear'd;
 Where human Kindness, Candour fair,
 And Truth, the native Features were.
 With moral Eye his Labours scan,
 And in the Actor read the Man.
 How few, like him, could change with Ease,
 From Shape to Shape, and all should please?
 Think on the numerous Hours of Sport
 We spent with him in Fancy's Court!
 What Evenings of supreme Delight!
 They're past—they're clos'd in endless Night.
 —For Gratitude, for Virtue's Cause,
 Crown his last Exit with Applause.

Let him not want the lasting Praise,
 (That noble Meed of well-spent Days!)
 While, this his mortal Dress laid by
 With ready Grace, and Decency,
 Now changing, on a nobler Plan,
 To blissful Saint from worthy Man,
 He makes, on yon celestial Shore,
 One easy Transformation more.

On an Upholsterer.

Too cruel Death has snatch'd poor *Ben.* away,
 And chang'd his Feathers for a Bed of Clay.

On Mrs. CÆLIA W.

Here is my much-lov'd *Celia* laid,
 At rest from all her earthly Labours!
 Glory to God! Peace to the Dead!
 And to the Ears of all her Neighbours!

On a Grey Hound.

To the Memory of
 SIGNOR FIDO,
 An Italian of good Extraction,
 Who came into England,
 Not to bite us, like most of his Countrymen,
 But to gain an honest Livelyhood.

E P I T A P H S.

95

He *hunted* not after Fame,

Yet acquired it,

Regardless of the Praise of his Friends,

But most sensible of their Love.

Tho' he liv'd among the Great,

He neither learnt nor flattered any Vice.

He was no Bigot,

Tho' he doubted of none of the Thirty-nine Articles:

And if to follow Nature,

And to respect the Laws of Society,

Be Philosophy;

He was a perfect Philosopher,

A faithful Friend,

An agreeable Companion,

A loving Husband,

And, tho' an Italian,

Was distinguish'd by a numerous Offspring,

All which he liv'd to see take good Courses,

In his old Age he retir'd

To the House of a Clergyman in the Country,

Where he finish'd his *earthly Race*,

And died an Honour and Example to the whole Species.

Reader,

This Stone is guiltless of Flattery;

For he to whom it was inscrib'd,

Was not a Man,

But a GAY-HOUND.

On

On the Rev. LAURENCE STERNE.

Sterne, rest for ever, and no longer fear
 The Critic's Censure, or the Coxcomb's Sneer.
 The Gate of Envy now is clos'd on thee,
 And Fame her hundred Doors shall open free;
 Ages unborn shall celebrate the Page,
 Where friendly join the Satirist and Sage;
 O'er YORICK's Tomb the brightest Eyes shall weep,
 And British Genius mournful Vigils keep;
 Then, fighting, lay, to vindicate thy Fame,
 "Great were his Faults, but glorious was his Flame."

By a LADY.

On WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

Whoe'er thou art, with reverence tread
 The sacred Mansions of the Dead.—
 Not that the monumental Bust,
 Or sumptuous Tomb, here guards the Dust
 Of rich or great: (let Wealth, Rank, Birth,
 Sleep undistinguish'd in the Earth!)
 This simple Urn records a Name,
 That shines with more exalted Fame.

Reader! if Genius, Taste refin'd,
 A native Elegance of Mind;
 If Virtue, Science, manly Sense;
 If Wit, that never gave Offence;

The clearest Head, the tenderest Heart,
 In thy Esteem e'er claim'd a Part,
 Ah! smite thy Breast, and drop a Tear,
 For, know, thy SUKATON's Dull lies here!

D. GARRICK.

[Hale-Owen Church-Yard, Shropshire.]

On Mr. JOSEPH MITCHELL, a famous
 Sportsman. On the Grave-Stone is delineated a
 Hare run down. From a Label at her Mouth
 proceeds this Motto,

I have finish'd my Course.

READER,

If ever Sport to thee was dear,
 Drop on Jo. Mitchell's Grave a Tear;
 Who when alive, with nimble Eye,
 Did Myriads of Hares defy.
 He was Professor of the Art,
 Those Animals to ken and start.
 All Arts and Sciences beside
 This *harr-brain'd* Hero did deride:
 An utter Foe to Woodcock's Nod,
 In which close State appear'd no *Moss*.
 Jo. scorn'd this Earth, he was above it,
 But only for *Farm's* sake did love it.

I

But

But *Yo.* at length was spy'd by Death,
 And cours'd and run quite out of Breath.
 No shifting, winding Turn could save
Yo. from the all-devouring Grave.

As Greyhound with superior Force
 Seizes poor Puls, and ends her Course;
 So slept the Fates this Sportsman true,
 Who now for ever bids Adieu
 To shrill *Saba*, and loud *Hallas*.

Post Funera Virtus.

A Monster in a Course of Vice grown old,
 Leaves to his gaping Heir his ill-gain'd Gold:
 Strait breathes his Bust; strait are his Virtues shown;
 Their Date commencing with the sculptur'd Stone.
 If on this specious Marble we rely,
 Pity a Wretch like his should ever die!
 If Credit to his real Life we give,
 Pity a Wretch like him should ever live!

Splendide mendax.

On a Printer.

Here lies a *Printer*, well-a-day!
 Who many a *Proof* has given;
 His Friends have nothing more to say,
 But wish him proof for Heaven.

On a Fisherman.

His Nettings, Fisher George long drew,
 Shoals upon Shoals he caught;
 Till Death came hauling for his Due,
 And made poor George his Draught!
 Death fishes on, thro' various Shapes,
 In vain it is to Fret;
 No Fish, or Fisherman escapes
 His all-inclosing Net.

*The following curious Epitaph was found in a
 Church-Yard at Worcester.*

H E
 Rest Ich,
 T. H.
 Et ay. L.
 O! Ki:
 N. H.
 Is ——— Gr.
 A
 VSD. O! T. H.—
 L. I.
 Ewh; ob. Ya!
 St. Ich, Di!
 D L I:
 V—, E. A.
 N. D.
 BY IT DIE.

Is

On

On a Joiner.

A Coffin maker I was long,
 And many a Coffin made;
 But now confin'd in Coffin strong,
 I've lost my Coffin Trade.

Stanton Harcourt.

Near this Place lie the Bodies of

John Hewitt and Mary Drew,

An industrious young Man

And virtuous Maiden of this Parish;

When being at Harvest-work

(With several others)

Were in one instant kill'd by Lightning

The last Day of July 1718.

Think not by rigorous Judgement seiz'd,

A Pair so faithful could expire;

Victims so pure, Heav'n saw well pleas'd,

And snatch'd them in celestial Fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden Fate;

When God calls Virtue to the Grave,

Alike 'tis Justice soon or late;

Mercy alike, to kill or save.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the Call,

And face the Flash that melts the Ball.*

*This Epitaph was written by Mr. Pope, at the Request of
 Lord Harcourt, who placed the Stone over them.

On MOLIERE, the Comedian.

Within this melancholy Tomb confin'd,
 Here lies the matchless Ape of human Kind;
 Who while he labour'd with ambitious Strife
 To mimick Death as he had mimick'd Life,
 So well or rather ill perform'd his Part,
 That Death, delighted with his wond'rous Art,
 Snatch'd up the Copy to the Grief of France,
 And made it an Original at once.

Upon an Inn-Keeper.

Life is an Inn, where all Men bait,
 The Waiter, Time; the Landlord Fate;
 Death is the Score, from all men due,
 I've paid my *Shot*!—and so must you.

On an Undertaker.

An Undertaker, lies quite silent here,
 He must have been prepar'd we need not fear:
 For, all his Life ev'n from his earliest Breath,
 His constant study, was to seek for Death!

On the Earl of KILDARE.

Who kill'd *Kildare*? Who dar'd *Kildare* to kill?
 Death kill'd *Kildare*, who dare kill whom he will.

E P I T A P H S.

*On Mrs. CATHARINE HALL of Crutched
Friars, (esteemed the best Tambour-Worker in
Europe) who died Aug. 7. 1723: inscribed on her
Tomb-Stone by her own Dictation.*

Err, my *Work's* done, my *Thread* is cut;
My *Hands* are cold, my *Eyefight* fails;
Stretch'd in my *Frame*, I'm compass'd now
With *Worms*; instead of lovely *Snails*.
The *Game* of *Life* is finish'd too,
Another now has ta'en my *Chair*;
Griev'd there's no *snuffing* after *Death*,
I'm gone alas! the *Lord* knows where!
Reader, attend; if you in *Wards* excel,
In *Bliss* eternal you'll hereafter dwell:
And if you *play* your *Cards* with *Caution* here,
Secure to win, the *Trump* you need not fear.
O care Deus mi, miserere mei!

**The Silk-twist used in Tambour Work, called in the
French Chausse.*

On JOHN RAMSAY.

Ye *Politicians* stop; and pause,
A *Patriot* lieth here;
Who lov'd his *Country* and it's *Laws*,
And *Liberty* held dear.
To *Mathematics* he inclin'd,
His mind was always gay;
A *Husband* good, a *Parent* kind,
Was honest *John Ramsay*.

EMPIRICAL TAIPHS. 103

On a Lawyer.

Here lies One, believe it if you can,
Who tho' an Attorney was an honest Man;
The Gates of Heaven for him will open wide,
But will be shut 'gainst all the Friars beside.

[*Panaras.*]

Death is a Pursuivant, with Eagle's Wings,
That strikes at poor Men's Doors, and Gates of Kings.

On a Sop-loving Fellow.

Beneath this Tomb-Stone, lies the Corps of a Man,
Who delighted to Feast on a *Sop* & a *Pan*;
As a Proof of his *Relish*, to the Moment when Dead,
You behold a rare *Dripping-Pan* carv'd at his head!
To the last, he for *Sops* in a *Dripping-Pan* cry'd,
Till no more he could relish, and then the Man died.
At the *Figure*, perhaps, his good Neighbours may
laugh,
But he chose it himself, as his own Epitaph.

* The Figure of a *Dripping-Pan* is chiselled out at the Head of the Tomb-Stone.

Our Bodies are like Shoes, which off we cast:
Phyfic their Clobber is, and Death their Last.

On a Miser.

Here lies one, who for Medicines wou'd not give
 A little Gold, and so his Life he lost;
 I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
 Cou'd he but guess how much his Funeral cost.

On Dr. ISAAC WATTS.

To real Merit due, this humble Song,
 WATTS, (now no more) to thee be sacred long.
 Sweet were thy Numbers, as thy Soul was great;
 In Virtue rich, with Piety replete:
 In vain, to thee Vice sounds her soft Alarms,
 In vain she spreads her gay alluring Charms:
 Thy steady Zeal the wiley Foe o'erthrew,
 And gave her veil'd Deformity to view.
 From thee our Youths enlarg'd their op'ning Views,
 Learn'd heav'nly Truths, and Reason's proper Use:
 With vary'd Beauties grac'd, thy tuneful Lyre,
 To charm, deter, correct, improve, inspire,
 From tort'ring Fears the Soul depress'd to free,
 E'en DAVID's Strains receiv'd new Charms from thee.
 In haste to aid, but in Resentment slow,
 An ardent Friend, and quick-forgiving Foe:
 Oh! may thy Soul! now loos'd from mortal Clay,
 Wing its swift Flight to Realms of endless Joy;
 There all its Glories, all its Joys improve,
 In Scenes of perfect Purity and Love.

[*Bunhill-Fields Burying-Ground.*]

E P I T A P H S. 3095

On JOAN of Arc.

Here lies Joan of Arc, the which
 Some count Saint, and some count Witch;
 Some count Man, and some count more;
 Some count Maid, and some count Whore;
 Her Life's in Question, wrong or right,
 Her Death in Doubt by Laws or Might;
 Mean time France a Wonder saw,
 A Woman rule 'gainst Salique Law.
 But, Reader be advis'd, and stay
 Thy Censure till the Judgment Day;
 Then shalt thou know (and not before)
 Whether Saint, Witch, Man, Maid, or Whore.

DEATH the greatest BOWLER.

On Epitaph for a deceased Cricketer.

*I bowl'd, I Amm'd, I caught, I kept;
 Sure Life's a Game of Cricket:
 I play'd with Care, with Caution play'd,
 Yet Death has hit my Wicket.*

On a Young Man.

Both old and young, O Death, must yield to thee,
 And Day by Day thy powerful Arm we see.
 In vain the Tear, in vain the heartish Sigh,
 All that are born to live, are born to die.

[*Weston Church-Yard, Yorkshire.*]

On Mr. EDWARD STOCKDALE, Chandler.

Here lies Ned Stockdale, honest Fellow,
 Who died by Fat, and lived by Tallow;
 His Light before Men always shone,
 His Mold is underneath this Stone.
 Then taking Things by the right Handle,
 Is not this Life a Farthing Candle?
 The longest Age but a Watch Taper,
 A Torch blown out by every Vapour?
 To-day 'twill burn; To-morrow stink.
 If this be true, then worthy Ned
 Is a Wax Light among the Dead;
 His fluted Form still sheds Perfume,
 And scatters Lustre round the Tomb.
 Then what is Mortal Life? Why, tush,
 This mortal Life's not worth a Rush.

Dr. DE LA COVE.

On a Tomb-Stone in Cornwall.

Here lies honest Ned,
 Because he is dead.
 Had it been his Father,
 We had much rather:
 Had it been his Mother,
 We had rather than the other:
 Had it been his Sister,
 We ne'er should have mist her:
 But since 'tis honest Ned,
 There's no more to be said.

On

E P I T A P H S. 197

On a Parish Clerk.

Here lies entomb'd within this Vault so dark,
A Taylor, Cloth-Drawer, Soldier, and a Clerk.
Death snatch'd him hence, and also from him took
His Needle, Thimble, Sword, and Prayer Book;
He could no longer work, nor fight, what then?
He left the World, and faintly cry'd—*Amen.*

[*Weston Church-Yard, Cheshire.*]

On Mr. REMNANT, Undertaker.

Is *Remnant* gone! Each weeping Eye
Confirms the mournful Tale;
He, who oft heard the deep-fetch'd Sigh,
Now bids our Grief prevail.
But cease, ye mourning Friends, to weep:
Be on his Stone engrav'd,
"God has ordain'd of those who sleep,
"A *Remnant* shall be sav'd."

On THOMAS TICKEL, Esq.

Read TICKEL's Name, and gently tread the Clay
Where lie his sole Remains that could decay:
Then pensive sigh, and through fair Science trace
His Mind, adorn'd with ev'ry pleasing Grace.
Worth, such as *Rome* wou'd have confess'd her own;
Wit, such as *Athen* wou'd have proudly shewn.

Substance

100: EPI T A P H S.

Substance to Thought, and Weight to Fancy join'd;
 A Judgment perfect, and a Taste refin'd;
 Admir'd by GAY, by Addison below'd;
 Esteem'd by SWIFT, by Pope himself approv'd;
 His Spirit, rais'd by that Sublimar be knew,
 Hence to the Seat of bright Perfection flew,
 Leaving, to sorrowful CARROLL here,
 A mournful Heart, and never-ceasing Tear.

DR. CLANCE

[Gafnevin, Ireland.]

On REBECCA WILLSHAW.

Stranger! these dear Remains contain'd a Mind,
 As Infants guileless, and as Angels kind;
 Rip'ning for Heav'n, by Pains and Sufferings try'd,
 To Pain superior, and unknown to Pride,
 Calm and serene beneath Affliction's Rod,
 Because she gave her willing Hand to God;
 Because she trusted in her Saviour's Pow'r;
 Hence firm and fearless in the dying Hour!

No venal Muse this faithful Picture draws:
 Bless'd Saint! Desert like thine extorts Applause.
 Oh! let a weeping Friend discharge his Due,
 His Debt to worth, to Excellence, and You.

[Barnhill-Fields Burying-Ground.]

On King ALFRED.

The mildest, justest, and most beneficent of Kings,
Who drove out the Danes, scour'd the Sea, promoted
Learning,

Establish'd Justice, crush'd Corruption,

Guarded Liberty,

And was the Founder of the *English Constitution.*

[*Stow, Buckinghamshire.*]

On King EDWARD the Confessor.

The Hero renown'd for all Virtues

Saint EDWARD the Confessor, and venerable King!

Dying the 5th of January, he ascended to the Skies:

Place your Hearts on high!

He died in the Year of our Lord 1065.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

*An Epitaph, inscribed on a Pillar lately erected in
the Midst of an old Heap of Stones, on the Side of
the Highway, in the North of England. By the
Lord of the Manor.*

Stay, Traveller, stay, and peruse a sad Story;

For here I am set, as a *Memento Mori*,

To give the World Notice, that under these Stones,

Here lie the Remains of one William Jones,

K

Who

Who made, if the Tale be as true as 'tis old,
 Too much Haste (alas!) to get rid of a Scold.
 One Night, as he under her Discipline lay,
 Atoning for Crimes of the foregoing Day,
 An unfortunate Thought came into his Head
 To make his Escape: So he rush'd out of Bed,
 And ran with all Speed to the Brink of yon Delph,
 From whence leaping headlong, he brained himself.
 This was, without Question, his own Act and Deed,
 And yet in their Censures all are not agreed.
 The Law, it condemn'd him, you see here; but still
 Some People applaud him; Because, say they, Will
 Chose rather to lie, for avoiding of Strife,
 Alone in a Grave, than in Bed with his Wife.
 Whilst others entitle him Fool for his Pain,
 In dashing out 's own instead of her Brains.

On a profligate Mathematician at Manchester.

Here lies John Hill,
 A Man of Skill;
 His Age was Five Times Ten
 He ne'er did good,
 Nor ever won'd,
 Had he liv'd—as long again.

Dr. BROWN.

E P I T A P H S. 111

On William Wray.

Here lyeth wrapt in Clay
The Body of William Wray;
I have no more to say.

[St. Michael's, Crooked Lane.]

On the Death of Mrs. OLDFIELD, the cele- brated Actress.

When Oldfield dies ev'n Congress' Laurels fade:
And this we own, is Justice to her Shade:
The first bad Exit Oldfield ever made.

On the Clerk of a Country Parish.

Here lies within his Tomb, so calm,
Old Giles: Pray sound his Knell;
Who thought no Song was like a Psalm,
No Music like a Bell.

MR. STANFORD.

The Lord saw good, I was lopping of Wood,
And down fell from the Tree;
I met with a Check, and I broke my Neck,
And so Death lopp'd off me.

[Ockham in Surrey.]

On a Country Sexton.

Here lies old *Sary*, worn out with Care,
 Who whilome toll'd the Bell,
 Cou'd dig a Grave, or set a Stave,
 And say *Amen* full well.
 For sacred Song, he had *Hopkins's* Tongue,
 And *Sternbold's* eke also:
 With Cough and Hem, he stood by them, so
 As far 's his Ward wou'd go.
 The Worms have lost their good old Host,
 Who them full often fed;
 For he is gone, with Skin and Bone,
 To starve 'em now he's dead.
 Here take his Spade, and use his Trade,
 Since he is out of Breath;
 Cover the Bones of him who once
 Wrought Journey-work with Death.

On a Woman who had three Husbands.

Here lies the Body of *Mary Setton*,
 Who pleas'd three Men and never vex'd one—
 This she can't say beneath the next Stone.

On one who died of the Hyp.

Death by a Conduct strange and new,
 Prov'd here th' Effect and Motive too:
 Ned met the Blow he meant to fly;
 And dy'd, because he fear'd to die.

On a Welchman, killed by a Fall from his Horse.

Here lies interr'd, beneath these Stones,
David-ap-Morgan, ap-Sherkin, ap-Jones:
Hur was born in Wales, hur was travell'd in France,
And hur went to Heaven—by a bad Mischance.

Imitation from the Latin.

Stop! gentle Traveller, stop your ^{*}Horse,
And view awhile this British Corse:
You can't conceive how great a Man
Contrasted lies within this Span.

Alive indeed, 'twas honest Jack;
We've often thump'd him on the Back;
He'd take his Glass, without a Fust,
And we e'en thought him one of us.
But now, behold, when dead and gone,
He's justly styl'd the Great Sir John!
See! Virtue's Self her Distance keep,
And Angels o'er his Ashes weep!
With Trump erect, the Goddess Fame
To distant Regions sounds his Name.

Thus much 'twas fit that you should read;
Now, gentle Traveller, proceed.

^{*} Though the Original does not mention a Horse, yet, as few Foot-travellers understand Latin, the Translator hopes he has preserved the Spirit of the Original.

On PETER the Great,

Here under deposited,
Lies all that could die of a Man immortal,

PETER ALEXOWITZ;

It is almost superfluous to say,

Great Emperor of *Russia*:

A Title,

Which, instead of adding to his Glory,

Became glorious by his wearing it.

Let Antiquity be dumb,

Nor boast her ALEXANDER,

Or her CÆSAR.

How easy was Victory

To Leaders who were followed by Heroes!

And whose Soldiers felt a noble Disdain

To be thought less awake than their Generals!

But he!

Who in this Place knew Rest,

Found Subjects idle and unactive,

Unwarlike, unlearned, untractable;

Neither covetous of Fame,

Nor liberal of Danger;

Creatures with the Name of Men,

But with Qualities rather Brutal than Rational:

Yet even these

He polished from their native Ruggedness;

And breaking out like a new Sun,

To illuminate the Minds of a People,

Dispelled their Night of hereditary Darkness!

E P I T A P H S. 115

Till by Force of his invincible Influence,
He had taught them to Conquer
Even the Conquerors of *Germany*.

Other Princes have commanded victorious Armies,
This Commander created them.

Blush, O Art!

At a Hero who ow'd thee Nothing!

Exult, O Nature!

For thine was this Prodigy.

Inscription on a Tomb-Stone in Bakewell Church- Yard, Derbyshire.

Know, Posterity, that on the 8th of April, in the Year of
Grace 1757, the rambling Remains of *John Dale* were,
in the 86th Year of his Pilgrimage, laid upon his two
Wives.

This Thing, in Life, will raise some Jealousy;

Here all Three lie together lovingly:

But from Embraces here no Pleasure flows,

Alike are here all human Joys and Woes.

Here Sarah's Chiding John no longer hears,

And old John's Rambling Sarah no more fears:

A Period comes to all their tedious Lives;

The good Man's quiet; still are both his Wives.

On MARY, Queen of Scots.

Translated from the Latin in *Westminster Abbey*.

If Birth illustrious, or if Beauty's Pride,
 A guiltless Mind, and Faith severely try'd;
 If Wisdom, Fortitude, a candid Breast,
 And hope in him who comforts the Distress;
 If Probity of Heart, with Patience mild
 To bear injurious Wrongs, to be revil'd;
 If Goodness, Majesty, a lib'ral Will
 To raise the Wretched, and the Poor to fill,
 Could 'scape blind Fortune's Thunders, that alike
 On good and bad, on low and lofty, strike;
 Thou hadst not early fall'n by being great,
 Nor thy sad Image seem'd to weep thy Fate.
Scotland by Right, by Marriage *France* was thine;
 To these well-founded Hope did *England* join;
 By triple Right a triple Crown she wears;
 But dim its Lustre to a Crown of Stars.
 Happy, too happy, if, the Storm allay'd,
 Tho' late, the neighboring Realm had her obey'd:
 But see, she falls, to triumph in the Grave;
 New Vigour thence, and Fruits, her Branches have.
 Conquer'd she conquers; free, tho' clost confin'd;
 Not dead, tho' slain; the Fates her Chains unbind.
 So the prun'd Vine shoots forth with fertile Sprays,
 And the cut Gem reflects its purple Rays;
 So genial Seeds, committed to the Earth,
 Rise from the fruitful Soil a brighter Birth.
 With Blood, God's Covenant with Man was made;
 With Blood, the Patriarchs his Wrath allay'd;

With Blood, the First-born 'scap'd the gen'ral Doom:
 Blood stain'd the Land which now is her's become.
 Oh stay thy Vengeance, Heav'n, for Mercy's sake!
 That fatal Day be ever mark'd with black:
 To murder Kings abhorr'd for evermore,
 Nor *Britain* stain'd again with Royal Gore.
 Let the Example perish with the Blow;
 Accurs'd its Author and its Actor too.
 Since in her better Part she triumphs still,
 Dumb be her Fate, and silent ev'ry Ill.
 Such was her Course, as Heav'n thought fit to steer;
 She had her Joys, she knew her Sorrows, here.
 Early to Life the Royal *James* she gave,
 Whom ev'ry kinder Pow'r in Keeping have.
 By Nuptials great, by Birth still greater known;
 And greatest in her Issue, such a Son.
 Here *Mary* lies, of whom we sighing sing;
 The Daughter, Wife, and Mother of a King.
 Grant Heav'n! that to the latest Times her Race
 Their happy Hours without a Cloud may pass!

On STEPHEN RUMBOLD.

Born, Feb. 1582.

He liv'd One Hundred and Five,

Sanguine and strong;

An Hundred to Five,

You live not so long.

Dy'd March 4, 1687.

[Brightwell, Oxon.]

On

Latin Epitaph on a Mr. MORE.

Hic jacet Plus, plus non est hic,
Plus et non plus, quomodo fit?

In English.

Here lies More, no more is he,
More and no more, how can that be?

On a Libertine Gamester.

"Jacks of all."

Here lies a Sceptic long in Doubt,
If Death could kill the Soul, or not.
His Scruples Death resolves at last,
Convinc'd—but oh! the Die is cast!

*On Mr. RICHARDSON, Author of Sir Charles
Grandison, &c.*

If ever warm Benevolence was dear,
If ever Wisdom gain'd Esteem sincere;
Or genuine Fancy deep Attention won,
Approach with Awe the Dust—of RICHARDSON.
What tho' his Muse, thro' distant Regions known,
Might scorn the Tribute of this humble Stone;
Yet pleasing to his gentle Shade, must prove
The meanest Pledge of *Friendship*, and of *Love*;

E P I T A P H S

For oft will *these*, from *retal* Throngt skill'd;
And oft will *Innocence*, of Aspect mild,
And white-rob'd *Charity*, with streaming Eyes,
Frequent the Cloister where their Patron lies.

This, Reader, learn; and learn from one, whose Woe
Bids her wild Verse in artless Accents flow:
For, could she frame her numbers to commend
The Husband, Father, Citizen, and Friend;
How would her Muse display, in equal Strain,
The Critic's Judgment, and the Writer's Vein?
Ah, no! expect not from the Chissel'd Stone,
The Praises, graven on our Hearts alone.
There shall his Fame a lasting Shrine acquire;
And ever shall his moving Page inspire
Pure Truth, fixt Honour, Virtue's pleasing Love;
While Taste and Science crown this favour'd Shore.

On a Miller.

Death, without Question, was as bold as brief,
When he kill'd two in one, Miller and Thief.

In Ripon Church-Yard.

Hic jacet Vir, perpendiculariter honestus.

Thus translated.

Here lies R. C. believe it who can,
An upright, downright honest Man.

On

On a Taylor who died of a Stitch.

Here Stitch the Taylor in his Grave doth lie,
Who by a Stitch did live, and by it die.

On the Rev. Mr. BEIGHTON, of Egham, who was Vicar of that Place Forty five Years.

Near half an Age, with ev'ry good Man's Praise,
Among his Flock the Shepherd pass'd his Days,
The Friend, the Comfort of the Sick and Poor,
Want never knock'd unheeded at his Door;
Oft when his Duty call'd, Disease and Pain
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain;
All moan his Death, his Virtues long they try'd,
They knew not how they lov'd him till he dy'd:
Peculiar Blessings did his Life attend,
He had no Poe, and CAMDEN was his Friend.

D. GARRICK.

On a Miser married to a Coquette.

Here lies a Wretch, 'midst other Clay,
Who heap'd up Riches ev'ry Day,
Yet never gave one Groat away;
Parted with nothing, all his Life,
But what in common was—his Wife.

E P I T A P H S.

On HUGH MERCHANT, Genl.

When, by Inclemency of Air,
These golden Letters disappear,
And Time's old canker'd Teeth have shown
Their Malice on this Marble Stone,
Virtue and Art shall write his Name
In Annals, and consign his Fame
To Monuments more lasting far,
Than Marble Stones, or Golden Letters are.

[St. Gilles in the Fields.]

On WILLIAM WALLACE

Death, the stern Tyrant of our Globe,
Of all Mankind the End,
Hath Scotia of great Wallace robb'd,
Her greatest, truest Friend.
Now of the Here nought remains,
But what the Grave conceals;
Stern Death has snatch'd him from our Eyes;
His loss his Country feels.
Tho' he this meagre World has left,
Compell'd by Fate away;
His glorious Actions still shine bright,
And all his Worth display.
O'ercoming Death by glorious Deeds,
He wings his Flight on high,
While all the World his Praises sing;
His Glory ne'er shall die.

L

Edward

* *Edward* if Virtue hadst thou known,
 Or honesty sincere,
 Less cruel to this Foe you'd been,
 Nor acted so severe:
 Nor wou'd you've scatter'd thro' your Land
 His Limbs expos'd to Shame,
 Nor by his Death your Honour stain'd,
 If you regarded Fame.
 Nought by thy Cruelty didst thou gain,
 But sullied all your Praise;
 And now the Infamy is thine,
 While he is crown'd with Bays.

* *Wallace* was betrayed into *Edward*'s Hands, who quartered him, and dispersed his Members about the Kingdom.

*On the Hon. Miss ELIZABETH BOOTH, who
 died Jan. 9. 1768. Æt. 21.*

Heav'nward directed all her Days,
 Her Life one Act of Prayer and Praise;
 With ev'ry milder Grace inspir'd,
 To make her lov'd, esteem'd, admir'd;
 Crown'd with a Cheerfulness that shew'd
 How pure the Source from which it flow'd:
 Such was the Maid, when in her Bloom!
 Finding th' appointed Time was come,
 To Sleep she sunk without one Sigh!
 The Saint may sleep, but cannot die.

[*Hampstead.*]

On

On HENRY UMFREVILLE, *Æt.* 41,

Gentle Reader, learn to know,
 This World's a vain and empty Show;
 That Heav'n deserves your utmost Care,
 And Sacred Writ will guide you there. 1764

[Mitcham, Surrey.]

On a SCRIVENER.

Here to a Period is the Scrivener come,
 This is the last *Sheet*, his *Full Point* this Tomb.
 Of all Aspersions I excuse him not,
 'Tis known he liv'd not without many a *Blot*;
 Yet he no ill Example shew'd to any,
 But rather gave good *Copies* unto many:
 He in good *Letters* hath always been bred,
 And hath writ more than many Men have read.
 He *Rulers* had at his Command by Law,
 And though he could not hang, yet he could *draw*.
 He far more Bondmen had, and made, than any:
 A Dash alone of his Pen ruin'd many.
 That not without good Reason, we might call
 His *Letters* great or little *Capital*:
 Yet is the Scrivener's Pate as sure as just,
 When he hath all done, then he falls to Dust.

On ELIZABETH GODWIN.

Reader, prepar to follow me;
 For as I am, so shalt thou be,
 Rotten in dark and silent Dust;
 Prepare for Death; for die thou must.
 Life is uncertain, Death is sure;
 Sin is the Wound, Christ is the Cure.

1763.

On HENRY HEARN, Æt. 36.

Remember, Reader, Death still skulks behind thee;
 And as Death leaves thee, so will Judgment find thee.

[*Mitchem, Surrey.*]

1763.

On THOMAS MATTHEWS, Æt. 43.

A Friend so true, there were but few,
 And difficult to find;
 A Man more just, and true to trust,
 There is not left behind.

1741.

[*Rumford, Essex.*]*On Mr. THOMAS HEARNE, the Antiquarian.*

Pox on't say Time to Thomas Hearne,
 Whatever I forget, you learn.

On

E P I T A P H S. 325

On a Poet.

Here lies a Poet—where's the great Surprise!
Since all Men know—a Poet deals in Lies.
His Patrons know—they don't deserve his Praises:
He knows—he never meant it in his Lays:
Knows—where he promises, he never pays.
Verse stands for Sack—his Knowledge—for the Score;
Both out—he's gone—where Poets went before:
And at departing—let the Waiters know
He'd pay his Ret'ning—in the Reclams—below.

Z. Z.

On Mr. EDM. PURDON, an Author.

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from Misery freed,
Who long was a Bookfeller's Hack,
He led such a d— Life in this World,
I don't think he'll ever come back.

On a Mayor of Exeter.

Here lies the Body of Captain Tully,
Aged an Hundred and Nine Years fully;
And Threescore Years before, as Mayor,
The Sword of this City he did bear.
Nine of his Wives do by him lie,
So shall the Tenth when she doth die.

L3

On

On RICHARD DYKE, a Grave-digger.

Hic jacet in Fossa, Fossæ qui Nomen habebat,
Et Tumulum, multos qui tumulavit, habet.

Translated thus.

Here lies in a Dyke,
Whose name was the like,
Who deposited many a Brother:
Now Dick's Turn's come round;
To lie sung in the Ground;
One good Office merits another.

On King CHARLES IX

Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose Word no Man relies on;
Who never said a foolish Thing,
Nor ever did a wise One

Lord ROCHESTER.

On SUSANNA WALKER.

Humble, Modest, Virtuous, Wife,
Pity always in her Eyes,
Patience ever in her Breast;
The Poor her Bounty daily blest.

[Dover, Kent.]

E P I T A P H S. 127

On an honest old Farmer.

What tho' this humble Stone no Titles keep,
 Yet silent here the private Virtues sleep!
 Truth, Honour, Justice here together ran;
 An upright, plain, sincere, and honest Man.
 Stranger to all the Vices of the Age,
 No Courts he saw, nor mix'd in public Rage;
 No Lye, no Scandal did his Tongue defile,
 A plain Old Briton, pure of Pride and Guile.
 His Joy his Neighbour's Good, his Grief their Shame;
 His Faith his Hope, and Conscience free from Blame.
 Full fourscore Years he number'd ere he dy'd,
 And every Year he number'd he enjoy'd.
 Seated at length with these degenerate Times,
 The growth of Vice, and her enormous Crimes;
 Gay to the last with Mind compos'd and ev'n,
 Soft he withdrew, as in a Trance, to Heav'n.

On COLDHAM QUAINTON.

Dangers stand thick through all the Ground,
 To push us to the Tomb,
 And fierce Diseases wait around,
 To hurry Mortals home.
 The Year rolls round, and steals away
 The Breath that first it gave:
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the Grave.

[Morden, Surry.]

1753

On

On GEORGE HENRY.

A quiet Conscience in a quiet Breast,
 Has only Peace, and only Peace of Rest;
 Then close thine Eyes in Peace, and rest secure;
 No Sleep so sweet as thine, no Rest so sure. 1771

[*Allen, Middlesex.*]

On WILLIAM BRADSHAW, Æt. 75.

The sweet Remembrance of the Just
 Shall flourish while they sleep in Dust,
 In this same Grave my Body lies at Rest,
 Till Christ, my King, shall raise it to the Blest, 1764

[*Finchley.*]

On SAMUEL BUTLER.

Sacred to the Memory of
 SAMUEL BUTLER,

Who was born

At *Strensham*, in *Worcestershire*, 1612,

And died at *London*, 1680.

A Man

Of uncommon Learning, Wit, and Probity:
 As admirable for the Products of his Genius,
 As unhappy in the Rewards of them.

His

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His Satire,
Exposing the Hypocrisy and Wickedness of the Rebels,
Is such an inimitable Piece,
That as he was the first,
He may be said to be also the last Writer,
In his peculiar Manner.
That he,
Who when living wanted almost every Thing,
Might not, after Death,
Any longer want so much as a Tomb,

JOHN BARBER,
Citizen of London, erected this Monument, 1721.

[Westminster-Abbey.]

On JOHN LOCKE.

JOHN LOCKE,
Who best of all Philosophers
Understood the Power of the human Mind;
The Nature, End, and Bound of Civil Government;
And with equal Courage, and Sagacity,
Refuted
The slavish System of usurp'd Authority
Over the Rights, the Consciences,
Or the Reason of Mankind.

[Stow, Buckinghamshire.]

On a Watch-maker.

Here lies, in an *horizontal* Position,
 The *outside Case* of
 Peter *Pendulum*, Watch-maker,
 Whose Abilities in that Line were an Honour
 To his Profession.

Integrity was the *Main-spring*,
 And Prudence the *Regulator*
 Of all the Actions, of his Life.
 Humane, Generous, and Liberal,
 His Hand never stopped
 Till he had relieved Distress.

So nicely *regulated* were all his *Motions*,
 That he never went *Wrong*
 Except when set a going

By People

Who did not know

His *Key*:

Even then, he was easily

Set *Right* again.

He had the Art of disposing his *Time*.

So well,

That his *Hours* glided away

In *One continual Round*

Of Pleasure and Delight,

Till an unlucky *Minute* put a Period to
 His Existence.

He departed this Life

Wound up

In Hopes of being *taken in Hand,*
 By his *Maker,*
 And of being thoroughly *Cleaned, Repaired,*
 And set *A-going*
 In the World to come.

On Death.

Death is a Fisherman: the World we see
 His Fish-pond is, and we the Fishes be.
 He sometimes, Angler-like, doth with us play,
 And slyly takes us one by one away;
 Diseases are the murdering Hooks which he
 Doth catch us with: the Bait Mortality,
 Which we, poor silly Fish, devour; till strook
 At last, too late we feel the bitter Hook.
 At other Times he brings his Net, and then
 At once sweeps up whole Cities full of Men,
 Drawing up thousands at a Draught, and saves
 Only some few, to make the other Graves;
 His Net, some raging Pestilence: Now he
 Is not so kind as other Fishers be;
 For if they take one of the smaller Fry,
 They throw him in again, he shall not die;
 But Death is sure to kill all he can get,
 And all is Fish with him that comes to Net.

On a Bird.

Here lieth,
 Aged three Moons and four Days,
 The Body of
 RICHARD ACANTHUS:
 A young Person
 Of
 Unblemish'd Life and Character;
 He was taken in his callow Infancy
 From under the Wing
 Of a tender Parent,
 By the rough and pitiless Hands
 Of a two-leg'd Animal
 Without feathers.
 Tho' born with the most aspiring Disposition,
 And
 Unbounded love of Freedom,
 He was closely confin'd in a grated Prison,
 And scarcely permitted to view those Fields
 To the Possession of which
 He had an ancient and undoubted Charter.
 Deeply sensible
 Of this Infringement
 Of his natural and unalienable Rights,
 He was often heard to petition
 For Redress,
 Not with rude and violent Clamours,
 But in the most plaintive Notes
 Of harmonious Sorrow:

At length,
Tir'd with fruitless Efforts to escape,
His indignant Soul
Burst the Prison which his Body could not,
And left a lifeless Heap
Of beauteous Feathers.

READER,

If suffering Innocence can hope for Retribution,
Deny not to the gentle Shade
Of this

Unfortunate Captive,
The humble tho' uncertain Hope
Of animating some happier Form,
Or

Trying his new-fledg'd Pinions

In

Some humbler Elysium,
Beyond the Reach
Of Man,

The Tyrant of this lower World.

On HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

The Master of the Greek and Roman Page,
The lively Scornor of a venal Age,
Who made the Public laugh at Public Vice,
Or drew from sparkling Eyes the Pearl of Price;

M

Student

Student of Nature, Reader of Mankind,
 In whom the Port and the Patron join'd.
 As free to give Applauses, as assert,
 And skilful in the Practice of Desert:
 Hence Power consign'd the Laws to thy Command,
 And put the Scales of Justice in thine Hand,
 To stand Protector of the Orphan Race,
 And find the Female Penitent a Place.
 From Toils like these, too much for Eye to bear,
 From Pain from Sickness, and a World of Care;
 From Children and a Widow—in her Bloom,
 From Shores remote, and from a Foreign Tomb.
 Call'd by the Word of Life, thou shalt appear,
 To please and profit in a higher Sphere;
 Where endless Hope, unperishable Gain,
 Are what the Scriptures teach and entertain.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

On Queen ELIZABETH.

In perpetual Commemoration
 Of the incomparable Princess
 ELIZABETH,
 Queen of England, France, and Ireland,
 Daughter to HENRY the 8th,
 Grand-Daughter to HENRY the 7th,
 And
 Great Grand-daughter to EDWARD the 4th.

The

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The Parent of her Country,
The Patroness of Religion and Learning,
Who, with a Knowledge of many Languages,
And excellent Personal Accomplishments,
Possessed all the Qualities
Becoming Majesty,
In a Degree beyond her Sex.

This Monument was erected
By JAMES the First,
King of
Great-Britain, France, and Ireland.

ELIZABETH and MARY,
Sisters,

After enjoying the same Crown,
Now lie in the same Tomb,
In Hopes of a Resurrection.

Sacred to Memory,
After

Restoring Religion to its Primitive Simplicity,
Establishing Peace and Order,
Settling the just Value of the Coin,
Quelling

A Rebellion at Home,

Composing

Intestine Commotions in France,

Supporting Holland,

Defeating the Spanish Fleet,

M^a

D^{ying}

Driving the *Spaniards* out of *Ireland*,
 And Forcing the Rebels there
 To submit:
 Greatly augmenting the Revenues
 Of both Universities,
 By a Regulation of Provision:
 Enriching all *England*,
 During a most wise Reign of 45 Years;
 The Pious, the Triumphant, the Fortunate
 Queen ELIZABETH,
 Dying an easy Death, in her 70th Year,
 Left her mortal Part
 (Till Christ shall call it forth to the
 Resurrection)
 To be deposited in this celebrated Church,
 Which owes its second Foundation
 To that Princess.

She dyed the 24th of March,
 In the Year of Grace, 1603.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On MARY GOODLAKE, *Æt.* 53.

Graceful her Form, divinely good her Mind,
 Where Sweetness, Virtue, Grace, united join'd;
 The best of Wives she liv'd, the best of Friends,
 By all lamented, to the Grave descends.

[*Watford, Herts.*]

E P I T A P H S.

337

On EDMOND SPENCER.

Here lies
(Expecting the Cominge of our Saviour,
JESUS CHRIST)
EDMONDE SPENCER,
The Prince of Poets in his Time!
Whose divine Spirit
Needs noe other Witnesse,
Than the Works which he left behinde him.
He was born in *London*,
In the Yeare 1510,
And dyed in the Yeare 1596.
[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Sir DUDLEY RYDER, Knt.

Here
Refts at last
From all his sanguinary Defires,
Sir DUDLEY RYDER, Knt.
Whose love of Money
Was only exceeded
By his Lust of Punishment:
Form'd by Nature for all the Chicanery
Of the Law,
By unwearied Application
To his own Interest,
By prostituting his Conscience,

M₃

And

And

A true time-serving Spirit,
In Spite of Genius,
From the basest Original,
He acquired the immense Sum
Of Three Hundred Thousand Pounds;
And wriggled himself into the Post
Of Att——y G——l.

In the Execution of this Office,
His Heart constantly felt Affliction,
His Eye ever flow'd with Sorrow,
When the Innocent escaped unpunished:
Hence by slavish Obedience
To M——l Mandates,
In wresting Laws to arbitrary Purposes,
He ascended the Seat

Of

Lord Ch——f J——e.

The same Thirst of Vengeance
Still waited on his Footsteps;
Those whom he long'd to punish

As Att——y,

He now condemn'd,

With Delight,

As Judge:

Truth found no Justice,

Virtue no Favour,

Innocence no Mercy,

When in Opposition to C——rt Measures:

Zealous to establish Tyranny

In the Crown Law,

Against

Against all but * Robbers
 Of the Public Money,
 To whom, from Sympathy,
 He was merciful beyond Measure;
 Enemy to Liberty,
 Steady in his Country's Ruin,
 Encouraged and adapted
 By all the Qualities in Head and Heart
 Which disgrace human Nature
 To request Nobility;
 He asked,
 And it was granted.

Heaven and Monarchs
 Behold with different Eyes:
 Him, whom his S———n summoned
 To a Peerage,
 God snatched to answer for his Crimes.
 For know, the Almighty will not
 Always, unrepenting,
 Permit the Ambitious to receive,
 Nor Kings to bestow those Honours
 On the Nefarious,
 Which are only the just Reward
 Of
 V I R T U E.

* *Vide* LE——'s Trial, where, after being found guilty of illegally possessing twenty thousand Pounds, he was only fined the Interest of the Money he had in his Hands, still preserving all his Places but one.

On ELIZABETH LANGDEN, Æt. 33.

In stedfast Hope of that glad Day,
 Here lies entomb'd my weary Clay.
 Reader, Awake, Believe, Repent;
 Thy Hours, as mine, are only lent;
 The Day is passing, when, as Me,
 Thou too shalt Dust and Ashes be:
 Forake thy Sins, in Christ believe,
 And thou shalt surely with him live.

[*Bunhill-Fields.*]

*On Mrs. MARIA MAGGOT, Spinster, who
 Died Nov. 6, 1743: By her Account aged 28;
 by the Parish-Account, 42.*

Beneath lie the Bones of a Worm-eaten Dame,
 Whose Weather-cock Deeds are the Laughter of Fame:
 Her Life was a Scene of a Yea, and a Nay;
 Now smiling, now fullen, now grave, and now gay;
 This Moment, all Honey; next Moment, all Crab;
 Now *Helen*, now *Hecate*, now Fairy, now Drab:
 To-day, all submissive, all Saint, and all civil;
 To-morrow, all Tyger, all Fury, all Devil.
 Where this Contrast abides, 'tis uncertain to know,
 Hypocriſy's branded above and below.

On

On Mr. EVAN HUMPHREYS, *Æt.* 72.

For Monuments there is no Need
To testify that we are dead;
Or Pedigree, or Claim to Pride,
Or how we liv'd, or when we died,
Or high Descent, or Pomp of Birth,
We're All the People of the Earth;
And he is nearest to the Skies,
Who fins the least, and youngest dies.

[*Windfor.*]

On Mrs. MARY TAYLOR, *Æt.* 95.

Beneath this Marble rests the mortal Part
Of her who once delighted ev'ry Heart;
How good she was, and what her Virtues were,
Her Guardian Angel can alone declare.
The Friend, that now this little Tribute pays,
Too exquisitely feels to speak her Praise,
Yet wouldst thou know the pious Life she spent,
How many from her Hands receiv'd Content,
How many Breasts that Poverty had chill'd,
Her Charity, with Peace, with Rapture fill'd,
The Village nigh shall gratify thy Ears,
And tell thee, some with Words but most with Tears.

1775

Lady YOUNG.

[*Patrickbourn Church Yard, Kent.*]

On

*On Mr. JAMES ROBERTS, Printer and
Publisher.*

Let some by Herald's blazon'd shine,
And backwards trace their ancient Line;
From Heaps of Gold let others raise
A Monument of flattery's Praise;
Let others boast their Pomp and State,
Of Merit void ignobly great
One Truth o'er these Remains below
Inscrib'd, more Honour will bestow
Than Lineage, Wealth, or Grandeur can
"Here lies interr'd an honest Man."

1734

On two Sons of — YATES.

Oh God, what Eloquence of Mortal Sound
Can paint the Glories which in Thee are found!
No partial Wrong we undergo by Death,
'Tis Nature's Law we should resign our Breath.

[*Spareditch.*]

1732, 1733.

On a Sexton.

I that had carried a Hundred Bodies brave,
Was carried by a Fever to my Grave:
I carried and was carried, so that's even;
May I be Porter to the Gates of Heaven!

[*St. Edmondsbury, Suffolk.*]

On

On GENERAL WOLFE.

To the Memory of
 JAMES WOLFE, Esq.
 Major General and Commander in
 Chief of the British Land Forces
 On an Expedition against Quebec,
 Who,
 Surmounting by Ability and Valour
 All Obstacles of Art and Nature,
 Was slain,
 In the Moment of Victory,
 At the Head of his conquering Troops,
 On the 13th of Sept. 1759,
 The King
 And the Parliament of Great Britain
 Dedicate this Monument.

[Westminster-Abbey.]

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER.

Kneller! by Heav'n, and not a Master taught!
 Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures thought;
 Now for two Ages having snatch'd from Fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Rests crown'd with Princes' Honours, Poets' Lays,
 Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of Praise.
 Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
 Her Works; and dying, fears herself may die.

[Westminster-Abbey.]

A. POPE.

On

On WILLIAM HOGARTH, Esq.

Died Oct. 26, 1764, Aged 67.

Farewell, great Painter of Mankind,
 Who reach'd the noblest Point of Art,
 Whose pictur'd Morals charm the Mind,
 And through the Eye correct the Heart.
 If Genius fire thee, Reader, stay:
 If Nature touch thee, drop a Tear;
 If neither move thee, turn away;
 For HOGARTH's honour'd Dust lies here.

[Chiswick, Middlesex.]

On BENJAMIN BUTLER, Æt. 24.

Here sleeps, from Worldly Chains set free,
 A Suitor for Eternity,
 Till the last Trumpet's thundering Sound
 Awakes astonish'd Worlds around,
 To reap from awful Justice' Hands,
 The Fruit their Life on Earth demands;
 Happy, if when Time's Glass is run,
 He hears that welcome Voice, *Well done!*

[Hillingdon, Middlesex.]

1713

On MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.

Whilst he was planning a History of his own Times,
 A slow Fever put an End to his Life,
 September 18, 1711, in the 57th Year of his Age.

The accomplished Person who is here interred,
 Was Secretary to King WILLIAM and Queen MARY,
 At the Congress of the Confederates
 Held at the Hague, 1696,
 To the British Embassy
 At the Peace of Ryswick, 1697,
 To that in France the Year following,
 And likewise the same Year, in 1698, in Ireland.

In 1700 he was appointed a Commissioner of
 Trade and Plantations,
 And in 1711, of the Customs.

In 1711 he was sent by Queen ANNE
 (Of glorious Memory)

As Plenipotentiary
 To LEWIS the 14th King of France,
 For confirming that Peace which still continues,
 And of which all good Men
 With the Continuation,

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.

Whose Learning, Wit, and Humanity,
 Did him more Honour, than all the Posts
 Which he filled with so much Applause.

His natural Inclination to Learning
 Received its Polish in the School near this Abbey:
 The superior Sciences he studied, with distinguished
 Success,

At *St. John's-College* in *Cambridge*;
 And these Advantages were completed
 By the Conversation of eminent Persons.

With such a Genius and Education,
 He persevered in cultivating the Muses;
 And, after the Seriousness of Politics,
 Used to relax his Mind
 In the Amenity of polite Literature.

Happy in all kinds of Poetry,
 In Tales unequalled;
 And these were rather easy Entertainments
 Than laboured Compositions.
 This appeared more conspicuous to his Acquaintance,
 From his Facility, Copiousness,
 And Elegance in Conversation,
 Which was neither stiff or forced;
 But all seemed to flow
 From an exuberant natural Source;
 Which has left it a Question,
 Whether he was a better Poet or Companion.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Sir JOHN GUISE.

Here lies the Body of Sir John Guise,
Nobody laughs, and Nobody cries;
Where his Soul is, and how it fares,
Nobody knows, and Nobody cares.

On Mr. WILLIAM CREEVES.

Here sleeps the Man, whose gen'rous Soul pursu'd,
And labour'd only for the Public Good.
To serve his Country to extend her Trade,
He deem'd his Duty, and with Joy obey'd.
In him, with ev'ry moral Virtue crown'd,
Th' indulgent Husband, Father, Friend, were found.
From Pride, from Ager, and from Envy free,
He knew no Storms nor Tempests—but at Sea.
What if once more those Storms and Tempests rise?
Vain is their Fury—to his Heav'n he flies.

1743.

H. PRICE.

On ISAAC WILD, A. 3.

Happy Infant, early blest!
Rest in peaceful Slumber, rest;
Early rescu'd from the Cares
Which increase with growing Years.

1753

[Harrow Middlesex.]

On JOEL PIERCY, Æt. 73.

Vain are our fondest Hopes of Bliss
 From such a faithless World as this,
 Where Vice in ev'ry Form appears,
 In wanton Youth, and palsied Years;
 Where Villainy exalted shines,
 And Merit unregarded pines;
 Where Triumph's self-adoring Pride,
 Where Virtue's scorn'd, and God defied.
 But thou, O Pow'r Supreme! I see
 True Happiness resides with thee;
 With thee, whose Wisdom guides on high
 The worlds of Light that gild the Sky,
 And make this Earth a Place of Pain,
 A mixt unsatisfying Scene.
 Since no Distress in time or Place
 Can make eternal Goodness cease,
 In God alone my raptur'd Mind
 Unmix'd Felicity shall find.

[Beddington, Surrey.]

On EDWARD SMITH, Æt. 13.

Stop, gentle Youth, and view this Clod!
 Beneath it lies a Child of God,
 Who thro' the transient Scenes of Youth
 Rever'd and lov'd the God of Truth;
 And when Death struck the fatal Blow,
 With Joy he left this World below,

And

And soaring taught his Friends behind;
 "Serve him with Fear, and you shall find,
 "That Death itself's a gentle Friend;
 "And Peace shall be the Christian's End."

Bunhill-Fields.

1768

On **JOHN FOX.**

JOHN FOX,

The faithful Martyrologian of our *English* Church;
 A most discreet Searcher
 Into the Antiquities of Histories;
 A most stiff Bulwark and Fighter
 For the Evangelical Truth:

Which hath revived the Martyrs as so many Phoenixes
 From the Dust of Oblivion;

Died the 18th of *April*, 1587, in the 70th Year of his Age.

To whose pious Memory

This Monument is erected by his lamenting Son
SAMUEL FOX.

[*St. Giles's, Cripplegate.*]

Place not your Mind on Earth's poor worthless Toys,
 But fix your Thoughts on Heaven's eternal Joys;
 And be prevail'd upon, whilst ye have Time,
 Wisely to choose what's Lasting and Divine.

On THOMAS PARR.

THOMAS PARR, of the County of Salop,

Born Anno 1483.

He lived in the Reigns of Ten Princes:

VIZ.

EDWARD the 4th, EDWARD the 5th, RICHARD the 3d,
HENRY the 7th, HENRY the 8th, EDWARD the 6th,
MARY, ELIZABETH, JAMES, and King CHARLES.

He died in London,

Aged 152 Years,

And was buried here November 15th, 1635.

[Westminster-Abbey.]

*On the Unfortunate CADMAN, the famous Flyer
on the Rope at Shrewsbury, engraved on his
Monument.*

Let this small Monument record the Name
Of Cadman and his future Fame;
Who by an Attempt to fly from this high Spire
Across the Sabrine Stream, he did acquire
His fatal End. 'Twas not for want of Skill,
Nor Courage to perform the Task, he fell:
No, no; a faulty Cord being drawn too tight,
Hurried his Soul on high to take its Flight,
And bid his Body here beneath, Good Night.

E P I T A P H S 361

On GEOFFERY CHAUCER.

Here lies GEOFFERY CHAUCER:

The Prince of all the Ancient
English Poets.

Art thou desirous of knowing

The Year and Time of his Death?

It was on the 25th of *October*, 1400,

That he rested from his Labours.

N. Brigham was at the Expence of this Tribute to
His Memory,

1556.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Captain FRANCIS MAYNARD.

In this cold Tomb his silent Ashes rest,
Whose pious Soul is number'd with the blest
From Truth in this false World he never swerv'd,
But GOD and King with full Devotion serv'd;
To both obedient, to his Country just,
True to his Friend, and faithful to his Trust;
Generous to all, and to his Neighbours kind;
Liberal to the Poor, and of a Noble Mind;
Moral in all the Actions of his Life,
And a good Husband to a Virtuous Wife,

[*St. Mary, Whitechapel.*]

[*and*]

On the Earl of ESSEX

There sleeps great ESSEX, Darling of Mankind,
 Fair Honour's Lamp, foul Envy's Prey, Art's Fame,
 Nature's Pride, Virtue's Bulwark, Lure of Mind,
 Wisdom's Flower, Valour's Tower, Fortune's Shame,
 England's Sun, Belgia's Light, France's Star, Spain's
 Thunder,
 Lisbon's Lightning, Ireland's Cloud, the whole World's
 Wonder.

[Nottingham.]

JAMES, Son of Col. EDWARD WOLFE, and HENRIETTA

His Wife,

Was born in this Parish, *January* the 2d,
 MDCCXVII.

And died in *America*, *September* the 13th,
 MDCCXIX.

Whilst *George* in Sorrow bows his laurel'd Head,
 And bids the Artist grace the Soldier dead;
 We raise no sculptur'd Trophy to thy Name,
 Brave Youth! the fairest in the List of Fame;
 Proud of thy Birth, we boast th' auspicious Year;
 Struck with thy Fall, we shed a general Tear;
 With humble Grief inscribe one artless Stone,
 And from thy matchless Honours date our own.

DEUS ET NOSTRUM

[Westerham, Kent.]

On Mr. JAMES QUIN.

That Tongue, which set the Table on a Roar,
 And charm'd the Public Ear, is heard no more!
 Clos'd are those Eyes, the Harbingers of Wit,
 Which spoke, before the Tongue, what Shakspeare writ.
 Cold are those Hands, which, living, were stretch'd forth.
 At Friendship's Call, to succour modest Worth.
 Here lies James Quin? Deign, Reader, to be taught,
 (Whate'er thy Strength of Body, Force of Thought,
 In Nature's happiest Mould however cast)
 To this Complexion thou must come at last.

D. GARRICK.

On ELIZABETH, Wife of JOHN DUNTON.

Sacred Urn, with whom we trust
 This dear Pile of sacred Dust,
 Know thy Charge, and safely guard,
 Till Death's Brazen Gate's unbarr'd;
 Till the Angel bids it rise,
 And remove to Paradise.

A Wife obliging, tender, wise,
 A Friend to comfort and advise;
 Virtue mild as Zephyr's Breath;
 Piety which smil'd in Death.

Such a Wife, and such a Friend,
 All lament, and all commend.

On

On the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Oft for the King, but ever for the State;
 In Doubts I liv'd, but liv'd no Reprobate;
 And as I liv'd in Doubts, in Doubts I die,
 Yet undisturb'd amidst Uncertainty;
 For, to my CHRIST I all due Homage pay,
 In GOD alone my Confidence I lay;
 That all Things does, and shall for ever stay.
 Being of Beings, Source of Entity,
 Of All that has been, is or e'er shall be;
 Have Mercy, O great Being, upon Me.

On Mrs. GEARING.

Hark! from the Tombs a doleful Sound,
 Your Ears attend the Cry.
 Ye living Men, come view the Ground,
 Where you must shortly lye,
 Your wasting Lives grow shorter still,
 As Month and Days increase,
 And every beating Pulse you feel,
 Leaves but the Number less.
 Good GOD! on what a slender Thread
 Hang everlasting Things,
 Th' Eternal State of all the Dead
 Upon Life's feeble Strings.

1696.

[Biddford, Devon.]

On

E P I T A P H S. 155

On a Virgin.

A Virgin more chaste, or a Friend more sincere,
 With a Love more refin'd, or a Conscience more clear,
 Was never interr'd, than the Maid that lies here. }
 Full Sixty-and-two were the Years she enjoy'd,
 In good Looks and good Humour the whole was employ'd;
 Not weary of Life, nor afraid of her Death,
 But with calmest Obedience she gave up her Breath;
 When Hope lent his Wings, which no sooner she try'd,
 Than smiling in Rapture she fainted, and dy'd.

On PHILIP HILLIER, Æt. 98.

Hence, Reader, be thy Age or Station what it may,
 Improve thy precious Time while yet 'tis call'd To-day;
 Let not thy Soul know Rest, nor do thou entertain
 The pleasing Hopes of Peace, till thou art born again.

[Bunhill-Fields.]

1771

On the Hon. Col. GARDINER, who bravely fell at the Battle of Preston Pans, in the Year 1745.

While fainter Merit asks the Pow'rs of Verse,
 One faithful Line shall *Gardiner's* Worth rehearse.
 The bleeding Hero, and the martyr'd Saint,
 Transcends the Poet's Praise, the Herald's Paint.
 His the best Path to Fame, that e'er was trod!
 And surely his the noblest Road to God!

On

On MARY and TABITHA GRIFFITHS.

Their Flesh shall slumber in the Ground,
Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Then burst their Chains with sweet Surprise,
And in their Saviours Image rise.

[Eltham, Kent.]

1770

On the Death of Mr. HANDEL.

In the Midst of the Performance of his Lent Oratorio
(1759) of the Messiah, Nature exhausted, he dropt his
Head upon the Keys of the Organ he was playing upon,
and with difficulty was raised up again. He recovers his
Spirits, and goes on managing the Performance till the
Whole was finished. He was carried Home, and died.

To melt the Soul, to captivate the Ear,
(Angels such Melody might deign to hear)
To anticipate on Earth the Joys of Heav'n,
'Twas Handell's Task: To him that Pow'r was given.

Ah! when he late attun'd Messiah's Praise
With Sounds celestial, with melodious Lays;
A last-Farewell his languid Looks express,
And thus, methinks, th' enraptur'd Crowd address:

"Adieu, my dearest Friends! and also you,
"Joint Sons of sacred Harmony, adieu!
"Apollo whisp'ring prompts me to retire,
"And bids me join the bright Seraphic Choir:
"O for Elijah's Carr!" great Handel cry'd:
Messiah heard his Voice—and Handel dy'd.

On

On Dr. GOLDSMITH.

Here lies the But of all his Betters;
 The Riddle of the World of Letters;
 A *Man of Sense* of no Discerning;
 A *Scholar* of no greater Learning;
 A *Bard*, whose Genius soar'd sublime
 A whole Half-year to tag a Rhime;
 Made roar Box, Gallery, and Pit,
 Without one Grain of Mother-Wit;
 A *Man of Science* so profound,
 He'd prove a Square to be a Round;
 Would talk of *animated Nature*,
 As if Himself had been Creator:
 Of Animation though bereft,
 His Right Hand oft forgot his Left;
 A mere *good-natur'd Man* through Meekness,
 His *moral Virtue*, *natural Weakness*;
 A *Medicist*, whose matchless Skill
 In working Cures was f. to Kill;
 By his own Art who justly died,
 A blundering, artless Suicide:
 Share, Earth-worms, share, since now he's dead,
 His megrim, Maggot-bitten Head.

On Mr. HARRIS.

Here rests the Man who living dar'd be brave,
 And spurn'd the Follies of each vicious Slave;
 Who dar'd to think, to act by VIRTUE's Laws;
 And strove to conquer in RELIGION's Cause;

O

He

He strove—not *merely* by the Turns of Art,
 But steady *Practice*, with sincerest Heart;
 A Practice founded on fair Reason's Rules,
 Unknown to wayward, *unrepenting* Fools;
 Such that he was, and how he dar'd excel,
 In future let *Acarian Shepherds* tell;
 His boast, sweet *Liberty*! for when *she's* gone,
 Then Vice and Virtue *intertwine* as one.
 O guard thy Britons, HEAVEN! to latest Hour,
 O guard thy Britons from *despotic* Power! 1774

[Clerkenwell Church-Yard.]

On ABRAHAM COWLEY.

While, sacred Bard, far Worlds thy Works proclaim,
 And you survive in an immortal Fame,
 Here may you bless'd in pleasing Quiet lie!
 To guard thy Urn may hoary Faith stand by;
 And all thy favourite tuneful Nine repair
 To watch thy Dust with a perpetual Care.
 Sacred for ever may this Place be made,
 And may no desperate Hand presume t' invade
 With Touch unhallow'd, this religious Room,
 Or dare affront thy venerable Tomb!
 Unmov'd and undisturb'd till Time shall end,
 May Cowley's Dust this Marble Shrine defend!

E P I T A P H S. 159

On JANE FELTON, *Æt.* 35.

Instead of high Encomiums on the dear Departed,
 tho' many she deserv'd;
 These Truths instructive treasure up in thy Heart;
 Virtue alone is Happiness on Earth;
 In Heav'n Bliss eternal, seraphic Mirth!
 Christ's vast Redemption consecrates the Just;
 Obey his Gospel, in his Mercy trust.
 To die is common to all; but to die gracefully,
 Is peculiar to the Virtuous.
 Ah! may the Living rightly think, and say:
 God mend us!

[Hornsey.]

1747

Epitaphium Chemicum.

Here lieth to digest, macerate, and amalgamate with clay,
 In Balneo Arena,
 Stratum super Stratum,
 The Residuum, Terra Damnata, and Caput Mortuum
 Of Boyle Godfrey, Chemist,
 and M. D.

A Man, who in this earthly Laboratory
 Pursued various Processes to obtain,
 Arcanum Vite,
 Or the Secret to live;
 Alfo Aurum Vile,

O:s

Or

Or the Art of getting, rather than making Gold.

Alchemist-like,

All his Labour and Projection,

As Mercury in the Fire, evaporated in Fume.

When he dissolved to his first Principles

He departed as poor

As the last Drops of an Alembic

For Riches are not poured

On the Adepts of this World.

Though fond of News, he carefully avoided

The Fermentation, Effervescence,

And Decepcion of this Life.

Full seventy Years his exalted Essence

Was Hermetically sealed in its Terrene Matraass

But the radical Moisture being exhausted,

The Elixir *Vna* spent,

And exsiccated to a Cuticle,

He could not suspend longer in his Vehicle,

But precipitated gradatim,

Per Campanam,

To his Original Dust.

May the Light above

More resplendant than Bolognian Phosphorus,

Preserve him from the Ashanor, Empyreum, and

Reverberatory Furnace of the other World,

Depurate him from the Feces and Scoria of this,

Highly rectifie and volatilize

His ethereal Spirit,

Bring it over the Helm of the Retort of this Globe,

Place it in a proper Recipient,

Or

Or *Crystalline Orb*,
 Among the Elect of the *Flowers of Benjamin*,
 Never to be *saturated*
 Till the general *Resuscitation*,
Defecration, *Calcination*,
 And *Sublimation* of all Things!

On *ROBERT COXE*, Town-Crier of North-
 hampton, 1773:

Here, silenc'd now by Voice of Death,
 One rests,—who ne'er knew Loss of Breath;
 But, when alive, would loudly give it
 With freer Will than we'd receive it;
 Who News of *horrid Murder* bore,
 With Sound of Bell, to ev'ry Door;
 And oft, in Honour of the Dead,
 Such fervent Praises sang or said,
 Some were (he'd say with little Thinking)
 Return'd to Life *—when they were sinking;
 Who loud proclaim'd, to Foe and Friend,
 The *Losses* which Misfortunes send;
 Who told of *Robberies* and *Theft*,
 And who's of Goods by *Fraud* bereft—
 Such were the Services of late
 One noisy man perform'd the State!

* Rabbits, Turkeys, Geese, fresh Salmon and Cod, and live
 Lobsters and Oysters are advertised for Sale by the Town-
 criers.

And now *another*, with his Bell,
 Attempts to toll the warning Knell;
 Attempts the Praises of the Dead;
 O! may ye profit by his Trade!
 Each time his Bell alarms the Street,
 Remember—Life is short and fleet;
 Think on the Hours, to your sad Cost,
 Which Time hath *stolen*, and ye have *lost*;
 Reflect how oft ye heedless *stray*
 From Honour's Path, from Virtue's Way;
 O! let *its Sound* supply *your Sense*,
 And think—ye'll soon be *summon'd* hence!

On an Old Maid.

Here lies a true Maid, deformed and old,
 That never was handsome, nor needed be told;
 Tho' she ne'er had a Lover, much Friendship had met,
 And thought all Mankind quite out of her Debt.
 She ne'er could forgive, for she ne'er had repented;
 As she never deny'd, so she never repented:
 She lov'd the whole Species, but some had distinguish'd,
 But Time and much Thought had all Passions extinguish'd.
 Tho' not fond of her Station, content with her Lot,
 A Favour receiv'd she had never forgot;
 She rejoic'd in the Good that her Neighbours possess'd,
 A Piety, Purity, Truth she profess'd.
 She liv'd in much Peace, but ne'er courted Pleasure,
 Her Book and her Pen had her Moments of Leisure;
 Pleas'd with Life, fond of Health, yet fearless of Death,
 Believing she lost not her Soul with her Breath.

On

E P I T A P H S. 163

On *MARY, Queen of Scots.*

To the gracious Memory, and eternal Hope of
MARY STUART, Queen of Scots, Dowager of France,
Daughter and Sole Heiress of *JAMES the 5th,*
King of *Scots:*

And Great Grand-Daughter of *HENRY the 7th,*
By *MARGARET, his eldest Daughter,*
(Married to *JAMES the 4th, King of Scots,)*
Descended from *EDWARD the 4th, King of England,*
By *ELIZABETH, his eldest Daughter,*
Consort to *FRANCIS the 1st, King of France;*
True and undoubted Heiress to the Crown of *England,*
And Mother to the most mighty Prince
JAMES, King of Great-Britain.

She was of a most ancient and truly-royal Descent,
Related to the greatest Princes of all *Europe.*
Eminent for all Accomplishments of Mind and Body.
But such are the Vicissitudes of human Things!
After an Imprisonment of about Twenty Years,
And a firm but alas! successless Struggle
Against the Calumnies of the Malicious,
The Suspensions of the Timorous,
And the Snarers of the Implacable,
She lost her Head,
By an Act of unparralleled Severity,
And to the Disgrace of
The Sacredness of Majesty!
With a noble Contempt of the World,
And a Soul superior to the Fear of Death,

And

164 E P I T A P H S.

And to the Terror of the Executioners,
 Leaving her Soul to CHRIST,
 The Kingdom to her Son JAMES,
 And to the Spectators of this atrocious Murder,
 A Pattern of most exalted Fortitude;
 She composedly submitted her Royal Head to the Axe,
 And exchanged a precarious Life
 For the Eternity of Heaven,
 On the 18th of February 1587, Aged 46.

-
- 1 Two Grand-mothers with their two Grand-daughters,
 - 2 Two Husbands with their two Wives,
 - 3 Two Fathers with their two Daughters,
 - 4 Two Mothers with their two Sons,
 - 5 Two Maidens with their two Mothers,
 - 6 Two Sisters with their two Brothers:
- Yet but six Corpses in all lye buried here,
 All born legitimate, from Incest clear.

E X P L A N A T I O N.

Two Widows that were Sisters-in-Law, had each a Son, who married each others Mother, and by them had each a Daughter.

Suppose one Widow's Name Mary, and her Son's Name John; and the other Widow's Name Sarah, and her Son's Name James. } This answers the 4th Line.

Then

Then suppose John married Sarah, and had a Daughter by her, and James married Mary, and had a Daughter by her; these Marriages answer the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, and 6th Lines of the Epitaph.

[Arlington, near Paris.]

Here lies

Ready to *start*, with full hopes to *serve his distance*,

THOMAS TURF,

Formerly Groom to Sir MARMADUKE MATCH'EM:

But was

Beat out of the World, on the First of April, 1287,

By that great ROCKINGHAM—DEATH.

He lived and died an honest Man!!!

Here lies a Groom, who longer Life deserv'd,
Whose *Course* was *straight*, from which he never *sever'd*;
Yet, ere was quite complete his *afflictive Round*,
Grim Death, at *Chant-Jude*,† brought him to the Ground:
This Tyrant oft to *ease* and *jostle* tried,
But not, till now could gain the *whip-hand* side.

In Youth, he saw the *high-bred Cattle* train'd,
By gentlest Means, and easiest Trammels reign'd.
He taught them soon the Ending-*Stand* to gain,
Swift as CAMILLA o'er the velvet Plain;

* The Round or King's Plate Course.

† A steep ascent in the *Bascon Course*, which is very trying to bad bottomed Horses.

Of

Off from the *crack ones* bear the Prize away,
 And grandly Triumph in the Blaze of Day;
 But of late Years he train'd the useful Plough
 To grace with yellow Grain the naked Brow;
 And the green Turf, which they were us'd to tread,
 Affords the trembling Oats with which they're fed.

O may this Sod, with thorny Texture bound,
 Protect from Foot prophane this sacred Ground!
 And may his *Colts* and *Fillies* truly run,
 Their *Barren Cows* feed, and see a later Sun!

Otranto-Castle, October 15, 1787.

OBLIVION.

‡ His infant Sons and Daughters.

§ A long straight Course of Four Miles.

To the Memory of
 The Right Reverend Doctor THOMAS SHERLOCK,
 Late Lord Bishop of London
 Whose Life and Writings
 Most eminently ador'd the Christian Profession,
 Did Honor to his Country,
 And, at once, display'd the Theory and Practice
 Of true Religion,
 With all the beauteous Energy of Truth,
 And powerful Persuasion of Example.
 Judicious in Council

Solid in Debate,

And,

EPI TAPH S. 167

And, in private Converse, pleasing and instructive:

Enlivening Discourse

With such becoming Cheerfulness,
As spoke itself the genuine Offspring
Of internal Peace and Self-Enjoyment.

In his Heart concentrated
Warm and unaffected Piety,

Kind Compassion,

And wide-spreading Benevolence.

A Friend to Virtue and to modest Mérit,
Grieved at the Attempts of Vice and Folly,
And firm in every good Resolve,

He boldly checked the Darings of Impiety,

And lowered the Council

Of Insolent Presumption,

And self-applauding Vanity.

Sober in Enquiry,

Temperate in Knowledge;

He lived

A perfect Pattern of Decorum,

And tender Condescension.

A ready Minister of Good to others,

He imitated the Kindness

Of all-bounteous Providence,

Extensive in Beneficence;

And, when least expected,

Was wont to raise the drooping Heart,

And add Surprise to Joy.

Such is a Sketch of him,

Who,

Who,
 Through a long and prosperous Course of Years,
 Exerted
 The most enlarged Abilities,
 Most useful Acquirements,
 And fixed Integrity;
 To the Advantage of the State,
 The Good of the Church,
 And the Glory of God,
 And
 (To the Credit of the Age he liv'd in)
 Such was his Fame,
 At Home, Abroad, by all acknowledged,
 When in the Fulness of his Days,
 And Ripe for Glory,
 (Intent on Immortality)
 He soared
 To everlasting Peace and endless Praise!"

Time flies, Eternity succeeds
 Of bliss or Woe, according to our Deeds.

*In Memory of JOHN MARTIN and ALICE his Wife,
 Children, and Grand-Children, &c.*

The Martins dead rest in this Bed
 Until the Resurrection;
 In Hopes to rise the Lord to praise
 For ever, in Perfection.

[Long.]

On Admiral BOSCAWEN.

Stop and behold,
 Where lies
 (Once a stable Pillar of the State)
 Admiral EDWARD BOSCAWEN,
 Who died
 January the 20th, 1761,
 In the fiftieth year of his Age;
 Equally in the Lustre of Renown
 As in the Meridian of Life.
 His Birth, tho' noble,
 His Titles, tho' illustrious,
 Were but incidental Additions to his Greatness.
 Be these, therefore, the lesser Theme of Heraldry,
 Whilst the Annals of adverse Nations,
 If they faithfully record
 What our own History,
 Proud to adorn her Page,
 Must perpetuate;
 Shall even to latest Posterity convey,
 With what ardent Zeal
 With what successful Valour,
 He serv'd his Country,
 And taught her Foes to dread
 Her Naval Power.
 Also,
 What an inflexible Attachment to Merit
 Flourishing beneath his happy Auspices,

What an Assemblage
 Of
 Intrepidity, Humanity, and Justice,
 United
 To form his Character,
 And render him
 At once beloved and envied.
 Yet know, insidious Gaul!
 Eternal Enemy of this our Isle!
 Howe'er our Grief
 May seem to give the present Exultation,
 Yet, even after Death,
 BOSCAWEN'S Triumph
 Shall to succeeding Ages stand
 A fair Example,
 And rouse the active Sons of Britain,
 Like him,
 To dart the Terror of their Thunders
 On Gallic Perfidy!
 So shall the Conquests which his Deeds inspired,
 Indelibly transmit his Virtues
 (A Blaze of martial Glory)
 Far beyond
 The mural Epitaph,
 Or
 The local and perishable Monuments
 Of Brass or Stone.

E P I T A P H S 171

On *Sir* CLOUDSLEY SHOVEL, *Knt. Bart. and*
Admiral.

Sir CLOUDSLEY SHOVEL, *Knt. and Bart.*

Rear Admiral of Great Britain;

And

Admiral and Commander in Chief of the Fleet,

The just Rewards

Of his long and faithful Services.

He was

Deliver'dly beloved of his Country,

And esteem'd; tho' dreaded by his Enemies,

Who had often experienced

His Conduct and Courage;

Being Shipwreck'd

On the Rocks of Scilly,

In his Voyage from Toulon,

The 22d Day of October, 1707, at Night,

In the 57th Year of his Age.

His Fate was lamented by all,

But especially

The Sea-faring Part of the Nation,

To whom he was

A generous Patron, and worthy Example.

His Body was flung on the Shore,

And buried with others in the Sands;

But, being soon after taken up,

Was placed under this Monument,

P.

Which

Which his Royal Mistress has caused to be erected
 To commemorate
 His steady Loyalty, and extraordinary Virtues.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On CHARLES DENIS DE ST. EVREMOND.

CHARLES DENIS DE ST. EVREMOND

Was of a noble Family in *Normandy*;

And, betaking himself

Very early to a Military Life,

Served with so much Courage and Honour,

Under

Marshal *Turenne*, the Prince of *Conde*,

And other Captains,

That he was gradually promoted

To the rank of a Major-General.

Upon leaving his Country, he went to *Holland*,

From whence *CHARLES* the Second

Invited him into *England*.

He was no less a Physiologist, than Humourist,

And a most elegant Writer,

Both in verse and Prose, in the *French* Language;

Which he considerably polished and enriched.

Several Kings of *England*

Honoured him with their Favours:

He was the Delight of the Nobility, and the Esteem of all
 Persons.

After

EPITAPHS.

173

After a Life of above 90 Years,
He died the 9th of Sept. 1703.
To this celebrated Personage,
Who may be justly ranked
Among the best Writers of his Time,
His Friends have erected this Monument.

[*Windsor-Abbey.*]

On RICHARD MEAD, M. D.

Here rests the Remains
Of a truly learned, and truly great Man,
RICHARD MEAD, M. D.
A polite Scholar, a successful Physician,
And a beneficent Patron.

His Knowledge unstained by Pedantry,
His Taste without any Affectation,
His Ear impervious to Flattery,
His Soul superior to Avarice.

He maintained the Honour of his Profession steadily;
And rendered, by honest Arts,
Extensive his Fame; his Merit more extensive;
Both, superior to Envy,
Without the Aid of Marble, shall resist the
Teeth of Time.

His generous Mind, to latest Ages known,
From others Works; his Learning from his own.

On the Honourable AMEY CONSTABLE.

Here lieth all that was Mortal
Of the Hon. AMEY CONSTABLE.

The worthy Daughter of
HUGH, Lord CLIFFORD, of *Chudleigh*,
And the much-lamented Wife of
CUTHBERT CONSTABLE,

Of *Burton-Constable*, in *Holdernefs*, Esq.

A Lady, who, in the Flower of her Youth,
Employed all her whole Time, and Thoughts,
In the Care of her Soul,

The Christian Education of her Children,
And an engaging Behaviour to her Husband and Friends.

She was Agreeable without Art,

Chearful without Levity,

Grave without Affectation,

Witty without Censoriousness,

Obliging to all without Flattery,

Patient and Courageous without Ostentation:

An Enemy to nothing

But what was vicious or base;

A Friend only

To Virtue and Truth.

She finished her Course on the 25th of July, 1731,

And the 26th Year of her Age.

Her disconsolate Husband

Erected this Monument of her uncommon Merit

And his irreparable Loss.

[*Pancras, Middlesex.*]

On Sir FRANCIS DRAKE

Who, thro' many Perils, was the first of Britains
That adventur'd to sail round the Globe,
And carried into unknown Seas and Nations,
The Knowledge and Glory
Of the *English* Name.

[*Stow, Buckinghamshire.*]

On Sir WALTER RALEIGH

A valiant Soldier, and an able Statesman,
Who, endeavouring to rouse the Spirit of his Master,
For the Honour of his Country,
Against the Ambition of Spain;
Fell a Sacrifice to the Influence of that Court,
Whose Arms he had vanquish'd,
And whose Designs he oppos'd.

[*Stow, Buckinghamshire.*]

On Sir THOMAS GRESHAM

Who, by the Honourable Profession of a
Merchant,
Having enriched himself and his Country,
For carrying on the Commerce of the World,
Built the *Royal-Exchange*.

[*Stow, Buckinghamshire.*]

On a Scold.

How apt are Men to lye! how dare they say;
 When Life is gone, all Learning fleets away?
 Since this glad Grave holds *Chloe* Fair and Young,
 Who where she is, first learn'd to hold her Tongue.

AARON HILL.

Enough! and leave the rest to Fame,
 'Tis to commend her, but to name.
 Courtship, which living she disdain'd,
 When Dead to offer were unkind:
 Where never any could speak ill,
 Who would officious Praises spill?
 Nor can the truest Wit or Friend,
 Without detracting her commend:
 To say, she liv'd a Virgin chaste,
 In this Age loose and all unlace'd!
 Nor was where Vice is so allow'd,
 Of Virtue, or ashamed, or proud;
 That her Soul was on Heav'n so bent,
 No Minute but it came and went;
 That ready her last Debt to pay,
 She burn'd her Life up every Day;
 Modest as Morn, as Mid-day bright,
 Gentle as Ev'ning, cool as Night:
 'Tis true, but all too weakly said,
 'Twas more significant, she's dead.

A. MARVELD.

On

EPI T A P H S. 177

On Lord VERULAM.

Who by his Strength and Light of superior Genius,
Rejecting vain Speculation and fallacious Theory,
Taught to pursue Truth, and improve
Philosophy,
By the certain Method of Experiment.
[Stow, Buckinghamshire.]

On WILLIAM CAMDEN.

Here lies,
In certain Hope of a Resurrection in CHRIST,
WILLIAM CAMDEN,
By Queen ELIZABETH created
Clarkeius, King at Arms.
An indefatigable, judicious, and impartial
Researcher
Into the British Antiquities.
In whom, Variety of Learning,
Vivacity of Parts,
And the most candid Simplicity,
Were united.

He died on the 9th of November,
1633, in his 47th Year.

[Westminster Abbey.]

On a LADY.

Lo! where this silent Marble weeps,
 A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps;
 A Heart, within whose sacred Cell
 The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell:
 Affection warm, and faith sincere,
 And soft Humanity were there.
 In Agony, in Death, resign'd,
 She felt the Wound she left behind;
 Her Infant Image here below
 Sits smiling on a Father's Woe.
 Whom what awaits, while thus he strays
 Along the lonely Vale of Days?
 A Pang, to secret Sorrow dear,
 A Sigh, an unavailing Tear,
 Till Time shall ev'ry Grief remove,
 With Life, with Mem'ry, and with Love.

On Capt. CUTHBERT SWADLE.

O Lord, we give our Spirits up,
 And trust them in thy Hand,
 In hopes our Flesh awhile will Rest,
 And Rise at thy Command.

[Linsbath.]

*On WILLIAM PIERSE, of Hutton Bonville,
in the County of York, Esq.*

Reader! this Marble, honour'd with the Name
Of *William Pierse*, his Virtues will proclaim:
Good, gen'rous, gentle, Friend to Human-kind,
Long Pains he suffer'd, patient and resign'd:
His Sacrifice complete, as touch'd by Fire
From Heaven, he instant dur'd his Breath expire:
His Death his Friends, Relations, Servants mourn'd;
His Soul, like Gold refin'd, to God return'd.

On Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

By Himself.

Now measur'd out my Days, 'tis here I rest,
That is my Body, but my Soul his Guest
Is here ascend'd; whither neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only Love can climb:
Where being now enlightened she does know
The Truth of all Things which are talk'd below.
Only this Dust shall here in Pawn remain,
That when the World dissolves she'll come again.

In St. Alban's Church-Yard.

Hic jacet Tom Sharthose, fine Tomb, fine Sheets, fine
Riches;
Qui vivit fine Gown, fine Cloak, fine Shirt, fine Breeches.

On

On CARDINAL RICHLIEU.

Stay, Traveller!—for all you want is near—
 Wisdom and Power I ask—They both lie here;
 Nay, but I look for more, and raise my Aim
 To Wit, Taste, Learning, Elegance, and Fame:
 Here ends your Journey then, for here the Store
 Of RICHLIEU lies—alas! repeat no more—
 Shame on my Pride! what Hope is left for me,
 When here Death treads on all that Man can be.

On BONNEL THORNTON, Esq.

Whoe'er thou art who seek this honour'd Shrine,
 One Moment pause—and add a Tear to mine,
 A manly Tear, to his fair Mem'ry due,
 Who felt such Feelings as are known to few;
 Whose Wit (tho' keen) Benevolence suppress'd,
 Who never penn'd a Satire, but in Jest.
 'Tis now, oh! Death! thy poignant Sting we own!
 'Tis now, oh! Grave! thy Victory is shown!
 For lo! herein full prematurely lie
 The only part of THORNTON which could die.

E P H T A P H N E

On a Blacksmith.

How like a

Who, while he lived, was bolly employ'd
In the Service of his Country:

He had Abilities for Masters of Weight,

And, whatever came upon the Anvil,

He turn'd to Advantage.

He was dextrous in penetrating into Things;

Few were so hard or close,

But he would *throw* into them and *fly thro'* them:

He shew'd great Strokes of his strong Parts,

As well in cutting *asunder* the *firmest Connexions*

Which lay in his Way,

As in *uniting* what he found *asunder*

To answer his Purpose.

Whatever *black Contrivances* were *forged*,

He soon blew them up,

And was successful in *quenching*

The *red-hot* Fury of those he had in Hand:

His Station was an *exquisite* one;

But by a judicious Use of *Instruments*,

Of which he was Master,

And by making even *Fire* itself

Subservient to his Work,

He secured his Points;

And, by *bitting* the *right Nail* on the *Head*,

Arrived to the *Height* of his Desires,

And lived with *Spirits*

In the *common* Way:

In which Situation,

He lent himself to be servicable
 To his Neighbourhood,
 Among whom he wrought a good Understanding,
 And when things went wrong, or lame,
 would set
 To set them on a better Footing,
 He was not linked to any Party;
 Old and New
 Were equally his Interest:
 He made a great Noise in the World,
 And less in his Station,
 Till Age spread a Rust over him,
 And Death put out his Fire,
 And here are laid his Dust and Ashes.

O. RICHARD NASH, Esq.

Here lies
 RICHARD NASH, Esquire,
 Who died the 13th of February 1763,
 Having lived to a great Age,
 In one continued Scene of Felicity.
 For
 He was
 Gay, innocent, humane, sagacious,
 Pleasant,
 Affable, courteous, charitable, debonnaire,
 Commodore,

Countenanced

EPI TAPH S 123

Countenanced and esteemed by the Great,

Beloved by All,

Bore to rule,

Illustrious Desolate!

By his superior Address,

He established for himself an extensive
Monarchy over the Passions of Mankind.

Admirable Legislator!

Whose Laws were carried into immediate
Execution,

By the most cogent Powers;

Expediency and good Sense.

Venus, Cupid, and Comus,

Were

In perpetual Alliance with him.

The Wars he waged, and the Conquests

He made

Over Indecency, Riot, and Ill-breeding,

Equal him

To the greatest Conquerors.

He alone disarmed Ferocity:

He civilized a rude Age,

And

Taught British Bluntness,

Humanity;

Urbanity,

His Understanding

Was

Comprehensive, and just;

His Figure singular, but comely and royal.

Q

L

184 B. P. I. T. A. P. H. S.

In him the Female World
 Their kind Protector,
 His attention to the Fair Sex
 Extended in Tenderness
 That of Parent, Husband, or Brother,
 He watch'd over them with a Lover's Eye;
 Ever with'd to cover
 Every Source of Female Frailty,
 He sacrificed his Time,
 He lost his Money,
 To improve the Amusements of Mankind,
 A grateful Age erected Statues
 To his Honour,
 The Town of Bath is a Monument
 Of his Address,
 He revived Architecture,
 He made Society respectable,
 Proud Peers, solid Patriots, smooth
 Lascivious Prudes, trifling Coquets,
 Grave Matrons, slipshod Dowagers,
 All
 Revered him.
 The British Provinces contend for the
 Honour of his Birth,
 Each asserting their national Felling

Center'd,

Center'd,
 Corroded,
 Resplendent in him,
 Impotent Posterity
 In vain shall fumble to make his Fellow.

Also!
 The afflicted Graces cry,
 Here lies RICHARD NASH,
 Whose Bosom was ever open
 To every Impression of generous Virtue.

L. T. Sec. & Bro.

Translation of a Latin Epitaph.

EPITAPH
 OF WILLIAM KING:

Written by himself

From the Parish,

Birth-Day of George III.

MDCCCLXII.

I was

WILLIAM KING, L. L. D.

From the Year MDCCXIX, to the Year

MDCC—

Principal of this Hall.

Given to Polite Letters from a Boy:

I cultivated them even to the last Day of my Life.

I wanted neither Vices, nor Virtues;

hiss'd

Q3

Imprudent

Imprudent and improvident,
Gentle and benevolent;
Often too prone to Anger,
Never implacable:

To Luxury as well as Avarice
(Which last I considered not as a Vice
But as Madness)

Totally averse.

Citizens, Guests, and Foreigners,
I received with the most open Hospitality:
Myself temperate in eating,
In drinking most temperate.

I lived with the high, with the low,
With all,

That I might know Mankind,
And chiefly myself:

Both which, alas! I knew not.

I had very many Friends,
But true, firm, grateful,
(Which perhaps is the national failing)
Very, very few.

I had many Enemies,
But envious, but wicked, but inhuman;
With those Injuries, however,
I was never so deeply affected
As with my own Transgressions.

The extreme old Age to which I attained,
I neither wished for, nor accused:
Neither bearing the Yells of Life too impatiently,
Nor too much delighted with its Blessings.

Death

Death I neither despised,

Nor feared.

Most High,

Who take care of this World,

And the Affairs of Men,

Have Mercy upon my Soul,

And by such as these living Companions

Who live in the World of the Living

The following Inscription is engraved on a magnificent Cenotaph, erected by Sir WILLIAM DRAPEL, in his Garden at Clifton, in Honour of the late 79th Regiment, of which he was Colonel during the last War.

This Cenotaph is sacred

To the Virtues and Memories

Of those departed Warriors

Of his Majesty's 79th Regiment;

By whose excellent Conduct,

Cool deliberate Valour,

Steady Discipline, and Perseverance,

The formidable and impetuous Efforts

Of the French Land Forces in India

Were first withstood and repulsed,

Our own Settlements rescued from impending Destruction,

Those of our Enemies finally reduced

That ever memorable Defence of Madras,

The decisive Battle of Wandewash,

Twelve strong and important Fortresses,

These superb Capitals,
 Arcot, Pondicherry, Manilla,
 And the Philippine Islands,
 Are witnesses of their invincible Bravery,
 Consummate Abilities, and unexampled Humanity:
 Such were the Men of this victorious Regiment,
 And by such as these their surviving Companions,
 The Conquests and Glory of our Sovereign,
 The Renown and Majesty of the British Empire,
 Were extended to the remotest Parts of Asia;
 Such were their Exploits,
 That would have done Honour even to the Greivous Roman name,
 In the most favourite times of Antiquity;
 And well deserve to be transmitted down to the latest Posterity
 And held in Esteem and Admiration,
 As long as true Fortitude,
 Valour, Discipline, and Humanity,
 Shall have any
 In Britain.

* * Three Field Officers, ten Captains, thirteen Lieutenants, five Adjuts, three Sergeants, and 1000 private men, belonging to this Regiment, fell in the Course of the late War.

On * St P. a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel.

Weep with me, all you that read
 This little Story;
 And know for whom a Tear you shed,—

Death's

Death's self is sorry, I have heard it said,
 —'Twas a Child that did so thrive,
 In Grace and Favour, and so goodly bred,
 As Heav'n and Nature seem'd to strive,
 Which own'd the Greatness of his Name,
 Yeeres he number'd scarce thirteene,
 When Fate unkind did strike,
 Yet three full Zeatons had he been,
 The Stage's Jewel,
 And did set, what now we know,
 Old Men so dusty, in to give off
 As both the Parcs thought him the best,
 He paid so truly,
 So by Error, to his Fate,
 They all conspired,
 But viewing him close, they too late,
 They have repented,
 And have sought, to give new Birth,
 In Bathes to steep him;
 But being so much too Good for Earth,
 Heav'n vows to keep him.

FOR MR. JONSON.

* Most likely Sir John, who had a Part in *Caesar's Revenge*,
 and the *Partisan*.

If, Passenger, thou can'st but read:
 Stay, drop a Tear for him that's Dead;

Henry.

Henry, the brave young Lord La Warr,
Misru's and the Mages' Care!
 What could their Care do 'gainst the Spite
 Of a Disease that lov'd no Light
 Of Honour, nor no Air of Good!
 But crept like Darkness thro' his Blood,
 Offended with the dazzling Flame
 Of Virtue, got above his Name?
 No noble Furniture of Parts,
 No Love of Action and high Arts,
 No Aim at Glory, or in War,
 Ambition to become a Star,
 Could stop the Malice of this Ill,
 That spread his Body o'er to kill;
 And only his great Soul env'y'd,
 Because it durst have nobler dy'd.

Ben Jonson.

On Sir JOHN ROE.

I'll not offend thee with a vain Tear more,
 Glad-mention'd Roe; thou art but gone before,
 Whither the World must follow; and I shall
 Breathe to expect my When, and make my How;
 Which, if most gracious Heav'n grant like thine,
 Who wets thy Grave, can be no Friend of mine.

Ben Jonson.

On

On MICHAEL DRAITON, Esq.

Doe, pious Marble, let thy Readers know
 What they and what their Children owe
 To *Draiton's* Name, whose sacred Dust
 Wee recommend unto thy Trust.
 Protect his Mem'ry, and preserve his Storye,
 Remain a lasting Monument of his Glorie.
 And when thy Ruines shall disclaim
 To be the Treas'rer of his Name,
 His Name that cannot fade, shall be
 An everlasting Monument to Thee.

BEN JONSON.

On his First Son.

Farewell! thou Child of my Right Hand and Joy;
 My Sin was too much Hope of thee, lov'd Boy.
 Seven Years th'wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
 Exacted by thy Fate, on the just Day.
 O! could I lose all Father, now; for why
 Will Man lament the state he should envy?
 To have so soon 'scap'd World's and Fleish's Rage,
 And if no other Misery, yet age.
 Rest in soft Peace; and aet' (ay, Here doth lie
 Ben Jonson his best Piece of Poetry.

BEN JONSON.

Note. Alluding to the Child's Name *Benjamin*, which is compounded of two Hebrew Words implying that meaning.

On

Of *Master VINCENT CORBET.*

I have my Piety too, which, could
It vent itself but as it would,

Would say as much, as both have done
Before me here, the Friend and Son:

For I have lost a Friend and Father,
Of him whose Bones this Grave doth gather,

Dear *Vincent Corbet*, who so long
Had wrestled with Diseases strong,

That though they did possess each Limb,
Yet he broke them ere they broke him,

With the just Canon of his Life;

A Life that knew nor Noise nor Strife;

But was by sweetning to his Will,

All Order and Dispose still.

His Mind as pure and neatly kept,
As were his Nurseries, and swept

So of Uncleanliness, or Offence,
That never came ill Odour thence!

And add his Actions unto these,
They were as specious as his Trees.

'Tis true, he could not reprehend,
His very Manners taught t' amend,

They were so even, grave and holy,

No Stubbornness to him, nor Folly
To Licence ever was so light,

As twice to trespass in his Sight:

He was a Gardener, the Father of Bishop *Corbet*, and
lived at *Torchester*.

His Look would so correct it, when
 It chid the Vice, yet not the Men,
 Much from him, I profess, I won,
 And more, and more, I should have done,
 But that I understood him scant,
 Now I conceive him by my Want;
 And pray who shall my Sorrows read,
 That they for me their Tears will shed;
 For truly since he left to be,
 I feel, I'm rather dead than he!
 Reader, whose Life and Name did e'er become
 An Epitaph, deserv'd a Tomb!
 Nor want it here through Penny or Sloth,
 Who makes the one, so it be first, makes both.

BEN JOHNSON.

M. S. of *****

Who died at his seat in Tyburn-Road,
 July 1786, æt. 43.

To the shame of the present ungrateful age, not
 so much lamented as he deserved to be for his
 ancient family, high descent, and
 exemplary conduct.

His death was a nation's loss, as there never was
 more occasion for the display of those
 eminent talents he possess'd.

He was a vigilant and active magistrate, an useful
 member of society, and an honest man.

R

Though

Though a servant of the Crown, without pension.
 Though a popular leader, free from vain glory.
 He kept one end in view, and that was the good
 of the State, without tying himself to
 any parties or factions.

He was a lover of liberty, and though not con-
 cerned much about the press, he was known
 to procure for many persons that in-
 estimable privilege of Englishmen
 the habeas corpus.

His business of late years has been very conside-
 rable, and it is supposed would have been
 still more so had not powerful influence
 interposed, and the right of trial
 by appeal been evaded.

Tho' no Senator, one branch of the State owed to
 him its principal strength and support.

Tho' not concerned in making the laws, he exe-
 cuted them with fidelity incorruptible.

He was a man of strict justice, tho' his profession
 was surrounded with many snares.

And notwithstanding all temptations to delay
 he finish'd public engagements with amazing
 punctuality and dispatch.

The welfare of society was endeared to him by
 indissoluble ties; and his life was devoted
 to the preservation of the peace of the
 community.

He liv'd and died a member of the church of
 England, and brought many into her
 communion whom no arguments
 but his own could persuade.

He

He celebrated its most sacred rites without
mercenary views, and thereby put infidelity
and hypocrisy out of countenance.

He advanced many to fame and distinction who
would otherwise have been obscure, and
rewarded without grudging those deserts
which must otherwise have lain
dormant.

His acquaintance was very extensive, and his
levees were crouded with a multitude
of followers unsolicited, unbribed.

Yet he never forsook his intimates or dropped his
dependants till death.

Fair and impartial in his dealings, tho' he has
shook hands with a Peer of the realm.

He was not above performing the last offices to
the most ignoble and unworthy of mankind.

He has at various times fill'd the most upright
posts in the kingdom tho' no Secretary of State.

He was a clear and decisive expounder of acts of
Parliament, tho' neither Commentator
nor Judge.

Without pretending to understand the constitution
he was its best friend.

And without the reputation of a philosopher, he
best knew and applied the mechanical
powers to the advantage of the world.

Tho' many were candidates for his favours, he
conferr'd them chiefly on those who were
recommended to him by his most
gracious Sovereign.

R 2

Tho'

Tho' he did not make many promises, like
 statesmen, he performed them better, never
 keeping long in suspense those whom
 he meant to advance.

Had his connections been more numerous, and
 his judgement more frequently consulted,
 Great Britain happily would have had
 nothing to fear abroad and nothing
 to complain of at home.

His office was held in respect by all honest men,
 and hated by none but rogues.

In his circumstances he was independant but not
 wealthy, having raised his fortune with
 his own hands.

By the gratuities of those who were attached to
 him he was enabled to set up his carriage,
 which he kept to the day of his death,
 uncentured, unenvied.

Yet so far from being proud of this elevation,
 he was always ready to give a place to
 those who made a better figure in
 it than in their own.

O R E A D E R!

What wilt thou say if death, which levels the
 rich with the poor, forgetful of all obliga-
 tions past should aim his vengeful
 dart at this matchless man?

Go and deplore this sad event, and if thou wast
 inclined to shed thy tears over the sleeping
 dust of patriots, prelates, judges, mini-
 sters, and kings, spare one for him

who

who held mankind in more
awe, and more effectually

promoted their safety
and happiness than
them all united.

Look upon his untimely end to be ominous to
thy country; and lest thou should forget
his name, know that this honest
tribute of praise is paid to the
memory of

THOMAS TULLIS, Esq.

(Late public Executioner.)

On Mrs. ELIZABETH MONK.

Near this Place lies the Body of
ELIZABETH MONK,

Who departed this Life on the 17th Day of Aug. 1753,
Aged 101.

She was the Widow of John Monk, late of this Parish,
Blacksmith,

Her second Husband,

To whom she had been a Wife near fifty Years.

By him she had no Children;

And of the Issue of her first Marriage none lived to the
Second.

But Virtue

Would not suffer her to be Childless.

Ry

An

An Infant, to whom, and to whose Father and Uncles,
 She had been Nurse,
 (Such is the Uncertainty of temporal Possessions!)
 Became dependent upon Strangers for the Necessaries of
 Life;

To him she afforded the Protection of a Mother.
 This parental Charity was returned with filial Affection;
 And she was supported in the Feebleness of Age
 By him whom she had cherished in the Helplessness of
 Infancy.

LET IT BE REMEMBERED,
 That there is no Station in which Industry will not
 Obtain Power to be liberal,
 Nor any Character on which Liberality will not confer
 Honour.

She had long been prepared,
 By a simple and unaffected Piety,
 For that awful Moment which, however delayed,
 Is universally sure.

How few are allowed an equal Time of Probation!
 How many by their Lives appear to presume upon more!
 To preserve the Memory of this Person,
 But yet more to perpetuate the Lesson of her Life,
 This Stone was erected by voluntary Contribution.

DR. HAWKESWORTH.

[Bramley Church Yard, Kent.]

5th of April 1791

In a Church-Yard in Hampshire.

Here lies I and live no more I don't
 Because the Lord did not think sitting on't

8A

On

E P I T A P H S. 199

On Mrs. NOTT.

Nott——a Maid,

Nott——a Wife,

Nott——a Widow,

Nott——a Whore.

She was Nott these;

And yet she was all four

N. B. She was all four when her Name was Nott.

*Upon two Violent Religious Disputants, who are
buried within a few paces of each other.*

Suspended here, a contest see
Of two, whose Creeds could ne'er agree;
For whether they would preach or pray,
They'd do it in a different way;
And they would fain, but fate deny'd,
In quite a different manner died!
Yet, think not that their rancour's o'er;
No! ten to one, it is, and more,
Tho' quiet now, as either lies,
But they've a wrangle when they rise.

On a Young Lady.

Sleep on, thou Fair, and wait th' Almighty's Will,
Then rise unchanged, and be an Angel still.

[Harrow Church-Yard.]

2
E P I T A P H S

On Mr. ROBERT DAWSON.

His Nature mild, his Mind devout,
His Wealth the Poor well fed :
Tho' dead, he lives in Spite of Death,
And Grave, his fatal Bed :
Whom lately Sheriff, Merchant free,
York's wealthy City had ;
And Farmer chief of Ripon Church,
Now Ripon Mould hath clad.

[Choir of Ripon Church.]

On his First Daughter.

Here lyes, to each her Parents Ruth,
MARY, the Daughter of their Youth :
Yet all Heav'n's Gifts being Heav'n's Due,
It makes the Father lesse to rue,
At Sixe Months end, she parted hence,
With safetie of her Innocence ;
Whose Soule Heav'n's Queene, whose Name she bears,
Hath taken, from her Mother's Teares,
And plac'd among the Virgin-Train ;
Where, while that cover'd doth remaine,
This Grave partakes the fleshy Birth,
Which cover lightly, gentle Earth.

BEN JONSON.

On

If native excellence,
embellish'd with the most amiable manners;

If love of Virtue,
improved by the constant practice of it;

If true goodness of heart,
instanced in every action of life;
Call forth the friendly sympathizing tear:

Here the feeling heart

will cause its fall,

To the Memory

of

MISS CROFT,

who

on the 7th day of November, 1789,

in the prime of life,

beloved by all who knew her,

Like the calm evening light retired
from this sublunary world:

now awaiting

when the last awful trumpet's sound

shall raise her up to hear

these welcome tidings—

“Well done thou good and faithful one, with joy

“Enter into the presence of thy Lord.”

On an Old Man.

Both young and old that passeth by

Remember well that here lies I;

Then think on death, for soon too true,

Alas 'twill be that here lies you.

On

*On HENRY Prince of WALES, Son of King
JAMES I.*

Reader, Wonder think it none,
Though I speak and am a Stone.
Here is shrined celestial Dust,
And I keep it but in Trust.
Should I not my Treasure tell,
Wonder then you might as well,
How this Stone could choose but breake,
Having never learnt to speake.
Hence amaz'd; and ask not me,
Whose these sacred Ashes be.
Purposely it is conceal'd,
For if that should be reveal'd,
All that read would by and by,
Melt themselves to Tears and dye.
Within this marble Casket lies,
A matchless Jewell of rich Prize,
Which Nature, in the World's disdain,
But threw'd, and then put up againe.

On Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

He that hath such Acuteness, and such Wit,
As would ask ten good Heads to husband it;
He that can write so well, that no Man dare
Refuse it for the best, let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whose sole Death appears,
Wit's a Disease consumes Men in few Years.

Bishop CORBET.

On

On MARGARET RATCLIFFE.

Marble weepes, for thou dost cover
 A dead Beautie underneath thee;
 Rich as Nature could bequeath thee;
 Grant then no rude Hand remove her;
 All the Gazers on the Skies
 Read not in fair Heav'n's Storie,
 Expresser Truth, or truer Glorie,
 Than they might in her bright Eyes.

Rare, as Wonder, was her Wit,
 And, like Nectar, ever flowing;
 Till Time, strong by her bestowing,
 Conquer'd hath both life and it;
 Life, whose Griefe was out of Fashion,
 In these Times. Few so have rued
 Fate, in a Brother. To conclude,
 For Wit, Feature, and true Passion,
 Earth, thou hast not such another.

BEN JONSON.

On SHAKESPEARE.

Renowned *Spenser*, lie a Thought more nigh
 To learned *Chaucer*, and, rare *Beaumont*, lie
 A little nearer *Spenser*, to make Room
 For *Shakespeare* in your threefold, fourfold Tomb.

To

To lie all four in one Bed make a Shift,
 For until Doomsday hardly will a fifth,
 Betwixt this Day and that, by Fates be slain,
 For whom your Curtains need be drawn again.
 But if Precedency in Death doth bar
 A fourth Place in your sacred Sepulchre,
 Under this curled Marble of thine own,
 Sleep, rare Tragedian, *Shakespear*, sleep alone:
 Thy unmolested Peace, in an unshared Cave,
 Possess, as Lord, not Tenant, of thy Grave;
 That unto us, and others, it may be
 Honour, hereafter, to be laid by thee.

Dr. DONNE.

Ben Jonson alludes to this Epitaph, in some Verses of
 his to the Memory of *Shakespear*;

My *Shakespear*, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or *Spenser*, or bid *Beaumont* lie
 A little farther to make thee a Room.

On ANNE BARRS, Æt. 25.

Rest, precious Dust, till Heav'n thy Worth reveal
 Thy Judge will publish what thy Friends conceal.

On ROBERT JANEWAY, Æt. 84.

Time leads us thro' the busy Scenes of Life,
 Death then o'ertakes us; and there ends the Strife.

On

E P I T A P H S.

225

On Dr. JOHNSON.

By Dr. JAMES FORDYCE.

Under this stone are deposited,
Among Poets, Philosophers, Orators, and Heroes,
The remains of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Who, united in himself,
Their best qualities.

His imagination was bold, rich, and sublime;

His judgement clear and comprehensive,

Penetrating and profound;

The power of addressing at once,

The fancy, the understanding, and the heart,

He possessed in an eminent degree.

Of invincible resolution,

In the cause of truth and virtue,

He exhibited conspicuous marks,

The vices and follies

Of the fashionable or the affluent the learned or
the great,

He disdained to flatter.

The favour of an unprincipled age

He never courted,

By employing his talents to subvert religion or
morals,

To propagate infidelity, or encourage licentiousness;

The former he strenuously vindicated, and constantly
enforced:

The latter he firmly and openly condemned and
exposed;

S

Standing

Standing forth on all occasions
 The undaunted censor of the public,
 The majestic teacher of mankind.

If in his conversation
 He little studied the graces of polite address,
 He was no stranger to the feelings
 Of friendship or benevolence.

If in his writings
 He sometimes neglected the softer arts of composition,
 His style, often pleased by its harmony,
 And always impressed by its vigour.

On most subjects he thought for himself;
 On none did he write or speak,
 Without advancing something new or uncommon.
 His wit was brilliant, ready, and unborrowed;

The vivid energy of sense,
 Not a play of words, or the glitter of vivacity.

That he was perfectly acquainted
 With the derivation and extent, the elevation and force,
 Of the English tongue,

He hath left behind him an illustrious proof,
 In his celebrated Dictionary of that language.

Whether he was more distinguished
 By strength of memory, or universality of learning,

By critical or biographical skill,

Were difficult to determine.

His knowledge of nature and of life

Was chiefly intuitive:

And his representations of either

Can only fail to affect or delight

The ignorant, or the prejudiced.

But

But that which crowns the character
Of this extraordinary man,
Is the length of years he devoted
To the improvement of his fellow creatures,
From a principle of piety to his Creator.

He was born September 7, 1709.

He died December 13, 1784.

On SAM HOUSE.

SAM HOUSE is dead! and laid in dust,
As every mortal fabric must,
No matter how well-built and stout,
He's fall'n—alas his *haze* was out.
Ye bands in *due* and *buff* array'd,
Lament your *House* in rubbish laid,
That erst so open and so free,
Stood up for *Law* and *liberty*.
A *House* he was well known to some,
Where wit and mirth were quite at home;
Rough *cast* indeed and undorn'd,
In native warmth secure he scorn'd
Alike the *fresco* and the *gilt*,
And other fancies modern built,
Th' asylum of unfriended merit,
He harboured more of freedom's spirit,
Than gorgeous palaces have bred,
Or domes that bear a roof of lead.

See

But

But ah! at last poor Sam is down,
 And Fox has lost a House in town.
 No party sullen Death espouses,
 The great demolisher of Houses;
 And if an *aspect North* he bore,
 Perhaps would not have spared him more,
 His *timbers* worn (with grief I tell you't)
 Spite of the carcase mason Elliot;
 And ev'ry * *Masonry* beside,
 Gave way at length to time and tide;
 His *garret* once with gim cracks stor'd
 No more shall hearty glee afford:
 That *garret* that display'd before you
 Enough to furnish many a *story*.
 Then let the *House* in quiet lie,
 And pass his *ruins* with a sigh;
 Nor Fox from Covent Garden *Housing*,
 Disturb the cell they've laid his dust in,
 Until that great concluding day,
 That *builds* afresh the sons of clay.
 He then refitted and rejoic'd
 His cheerful *front* once more shall boast,
 And shew unclogg'd with rubbish foul,
 The *lodging* of an honest soul. M. L. W.

* Mr. House was member of almost every Society or club of note, Free Masons, Druids, Forresters, Bucks, &c.

On Sir GEORGE SAVILE, Bart.

To the memory of Sir GEORGE SAVILE, Bart.

Who in five successive parliaments
 Represented the county of York,

The

The public love and esteem of his fellow citizens
 Have decreed this monument.
 In private life he was benevolent and sincere;
 His charities were extensive and secret;
 His whole heart was formed on principles
 Of generosity, mildness, justice, and universal candour,
 In public, the patron of every national improvement,
 In the Senate, incorrupt;
 In his commerce with the world, disinterested.
 By genius, enlightened in the means of doing good,
 He was unwearied in doing it.
 His life was an ornament and a blessing to the age
 In which he lived; and, after death, his memory
 Will continue to be beneficial to mankind,
 By holding forth an example of pure and unaffected virtue,
 Most worthy of imitation, to the latest posterity!
 He departed this life, January the 9th, 1784
 In the 58th year of his age,
 Beloved and lamented.
 [York Cathedral.]

A Tribute to the late ingenious and amiable artist
WILLIAM WOOLLETT, the celebrated engraver.

Engrav'd by genius on the human heart
 Woollett thy works shall stand without a stain;
 And tho' the great original is gone
 The first impression ever shall remain.

F I N I S.

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